

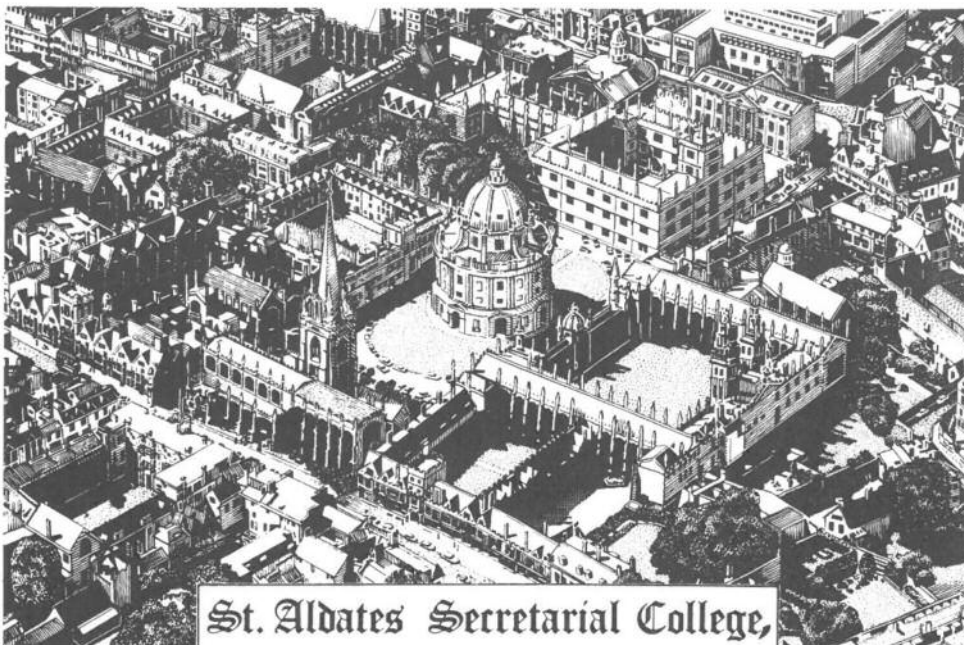


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SCHOOL MAGAZINE AND NEWSLETTER

SUMMER 1981



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HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

A school, especially a boarding school, is a microcosm of life. This thought has been brought home to me more and more during the past year. Work and recreation, success and failure, joy and sorrow make up the pattern.

The Sixth Form Centre, which was little more than a dream this time last year, is taking shape and we now know it will be ready for occupation in September. It has been frustrating to have to turn away potential boarders because of lack of space and it will be a relief to have about twenty more boarding places from next September. In the first year, we will have to publicise the fact that the Sixth Form is expanding, and I depend on you to make this good news known to friends if they are looking at Sixth Form places.

Our latest school "grandchild", Mrs. Hayhurst's Sarah, arrived last summer and already visits us regularly. Miss Jones set the trend for 1981 by becoming Mrs. Read in January, and Miss Brocken has recently announced her engagement. Last summer Mrs. Martin, for over eleven years a loyal member of the English Department, decided to retire and as she lives in Sussex Square we are glad to be able to maintain our connection with her. We are fortunate in having the help of Mlle. Jacquot in the R.I. Department this year so that we have not had to say a final farewell to her after six years as head of Modern Languages. It is always a pleasure to see her in the school and I know she has given generous support to her successor, Mrs. Woolliscroft. At Christmas Mrs. Sandy retired after seventeen years in the school. Under her direction, the Art Department has grown and prospered so that Mrs. Lock, her successor, has come in to take over a very well-equipped department, one on which she is already making her mark. I wish them both well in the future, Mrs. Sandy in her retirement and Mrs. Lock at St. Mary's Hall.

Because of Dr. Dixon's serious illness, the year has been an anxious one for the Geography Department and, indeed, the whole school, where his willing involvement in many aspects of school life has endeared him to us. We are greatly relieved that he is now on the road to recovery and will be back next term. Two former members of staff, Mrs. Boyes and Mrs. Thorne, returned to fill the gap caused by Dr. Dixon's illness, Mrs. Boyes temporarily until we could

find a replacement, and Mrs. Thorne for the remainder of the year. We are most grateful to her for agreeing to carry on with her 'A' Level teaching into next term.

Another blow from which we have not yet recovered was the sudden death of one of our Fourth Year girls. In her short life Heidi Ruoss brought much happiness to many people, both inside and outside the family circle. In our wider family here she showed a tremendous zest for living, joining in all sorts of activities from the production of "The Boy Friend" before Christmas, where I can still see her in my mind's eye entering into all the fun, to her Swimming Club, where she was enjoying herself on her last day here. Heidi's family are very much in our thoughts and prayers at this tragic time.

Even more exciting than the building of the Sixth Form Centre was the appointment of Miss M. F. C. Harvey, M.A.(Oxon.), Headmistress of Badminton School, as my successor from September. She spent a couple of days with me earlier this term to meet Governors, parents, Housemistresses and academic staff and although she must have been exhausted at the end she was still smiling as she left for home. I am very pleased that the Governors have made such a happy choice.

And now it only remains for me to wish you, and the school, every success and happiness in the future, to thank you for your support and to add that I look forward to seeing you either at S.M.H.A. meetings, or in Oxfordshire if any of you happen to be passing through Deddington, where I shall be living from September.

E. O. Leslie

REG KING

Reg King died suddenly on Monday, 29th September, 1980. He came to St. Mary's Hall in October, 1975, and acted as School Electrician besides maintaining our swimming pool and carrying out caretaking jobs in the two boarding houses. He enjoyed his work at the school very much and he will be greatly missed for his good humour and technical competence. Although for some time he had not been in good health he never allowed this to affect his work—all who knew him liked and respected him.

M.D.M.

RESULTS OF G.C.E. 'A' LEVELS, 1980

Mona Aghabi, Maths C, Physics C, Chem. D
Jennifer Au, Maths E, Biol. C, Chem. D (University of London School of Pharmacy)
Diana Chieseman, Eng. E, French D (French Institute)
Amanda Denny, Maths E (Lewes Technical College, Management Secretarial Course)
Heather Gillham, R.E. E (Southlands Hospital, Shoreham, SRN Course)
Heather Gosden, Econ. C, Pure Maths E (Newcastle University, Agricultural Marketing)
Joanna Greenwood, Eng. B, French E (Lewes Technical College, Secretarial Course)
Ruth Holder, Eng. B, French C (Lewes Technical College)
Sarah Hunt, Hist. A, Geog. A, Econ. B (Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, reading Law)
Jacqueline Jantuah, Eng. B, French E (University of Leicester, reading Philosophy)

Vernan Johnson, Geog. E, Maths D, Physics E (Secretarial Training Course)
Melanie Lythgoe, Eng. C, Geog. E (Retail Trainee Buyer, Dickens & Jones)
Alison Miller, Eng. C, French D, Spanish D (Crawley Technical College, tri-lingual Secretarial Course)
Lucinda Morrison, Eng. A, R.E. C, French B (Secretarial Course and then Durham University to read English)
Dorothy Mpyisi, Eng. E, Geog. D (P.A./Secretarial Course in Oxford prior to taking up a place at Geneva University in September)
Afolake Onafowokan, Physics E., Biol. D (Kent College, retaking 'A' levels)
Wei Sah Ong, Hist. E, Econ. E, Maths E (Goldsmiths, Joint Degree Course in Sociology)
Susan Perham, Pure Maths E, Physics D (Portsmouth Polytechnic, Engineering Course)
Sonia Polling, Econ. E, Maths E (bi-lingual Secretarial Course)

Katharine Ridley, Geog. A, Econ. E, French B (University of Durham, reading Geography)
 Nicola Sautter, Eng. D, Geog. D (St. Bartholomew's Hospital—Nursing)
 Nicola Stokes, Pure Maths E, Applied Maths E, Physics C (Liverpool University, reading Medicine)
 Linda Woodhead, Latin C, French B, Maths B (Aberdeen University, reading Accountancy)

PASSES IN USE OF ENGLISH, 1980

M. Aghabi	D. Hudson	A. Onafowokan
F. Bruce-Merrie	S. Hunt	W. S. Ong
D. Chiesman	J. Jantuah	S. Perham
H. Gillham	V. Johnson	S. Polling
H. Gosden	M. Lythgoe	K. Ridley
S. Gould	A. Miller	N. Sautter
J. Greenwood	L. Morrison	N. Stokes
R. Holder	D. Mpyisi	L. Woodhead

(24 out of 27 girls passed)

'AO' LEVEL, 1980

F. Bruce-Merrie	Further English Studies	A
A. Denny	Further French Studies	C
J. Hughesdon	Further English Studies	C
S. Squibb	Human Biology	B
D. Hudson	Further English Studies	B
M. A. O'Hara	Human Biology	C
Kay Quinn	Further English Studies and Human Biology	B

'O' LEVELS IN SIXTH FORM, 1980

Yetunde Akinsanya, Eng. Lang. C, R.E. A, Hist. C
 Clare Back, Music C
 Fiona Bartrop, Music B
 Esther Darko, Eng. Lang. C, French C
 Diane Hudson, Needlework and Dressmaking C
 Mary-Anne O'Hara, German C
 Virginia Noronha, Eng. Lang. C
 Linda Woodhead, Spanish B

'O' LEVELS—SUMMER, 1980

FIFTH YEAR 'O' LEVELS 1979-80 (This includes

- (a) Nov. entries—E. Lang., Maths
 (b) Nov. 80 retakes)

An asterisk indicates a grade A pass. Grades A, B and C only are listed.

'O' Level Subjects:

E. Lang., E. Lit., R.I., His., Geog., Lat., Classics, French, Spanish, German, Maths., Phys., Chem., Biol., Art, Music, Needlework, Cookery.

L. Abdalla 7**	J. Hitchcock 9****
M. Adam 4	K. Holland 4**
E. Ager 7**	G. Hutton 9*****
F. Ainscough 6*	C. Ickeringill 8***
A. Anthony 7	B. James 7**
N. Aylin 9*	D. Johnson 7****
J. Barbour 7*	T. Johnstone 6*
E. Barclay 4	E. Jones 5**
A. Barr 9***	G. Jupe 8*
R. Belson 9**	N. Kaur 6

J. Besser 5
 V. Brown 9**
 E. Bunn 7
 S. A. Burt 7*
 H. Carden 4
 J. Cooper 9*
 N. Currie 8
 F. Draisey 4*
 J. Dwyer 7****
 E. Edwards 9**
 S. Evans 3
 T. Eves 9***
 C. Ferguson 8***
 C. Finnerty 3
 E. Fletcher 8
 S. Ghaemi 6*
 M. Ghazzawi 3
 E. Gosney 4
 H. Gray 5**
 S. Harris 9*****
 S. Hennings 9**
 P. Hill 6

S. King 7**
 D. Lai 8**
 L. Martin 9**
 L. Middlemas 6
 K. Miller 9***
 C. Morley 3
 J. Morris 9****
 N. Mumford 5*
 K. Norrish 3
 J. Owen 9
 S. A. Pearn 3
 A. Plaskett 8
 J. Ruoss 6
 J. Sale 6
 C. Simmons 6
 F. Talib 9*
 K. Taylor 9
 L. Thwaites 9**
 K. Tyldesley 9*****
 Susan Vokins 9***
 A. Zeki 2

C.S.E. 1980 (Maths. only)

Grade 1 is an 'O' Level equivalent

M. Adam 3	K. Holland 2
H. Carden 1	L. Middlemas 1
F. Draisey 1	N. Mumford 1
J. Dwyer 1	K. Norrish 1
S. Evans 1	S. A. Pearn 2
T. Eves 1	A. Zeki 4
H. Gray 2	

G.C.E. 'O' LEVELS TAKEN EARLY IN ENGLISH AND MATHEMATICS, AUTUMN, 1980

V. Aylin, Eng. A	J. Myles, Eng. A
V. Barrett, Eng. B	J. Riley, Eng. B, Maths A
M. Batten, Eng. B, Maths A	J. Rogers, Eng. B
C. Bethell, Eng. B	F. Rymer, Eng. C
P. Blagg, Eng. C	A. Sattin, Maths C
S. Buck, Eng. C, Maths A	M. Scott, Eng. B, Maths B
L. Cooper, Eng. B	S. Scott, Eng. C
S. Dickens, Eng. B, Maths C	C. Smith, Maths B
A. Firth, Eng. A, Maths A	D. Swan, Maths C
V. Firth, Eng. A, Maths A	L. Tame, Eng. B
N. Gardiner, Eng. A	N. Topping, Eng. C, Maths B
P. Gardner, Eng. B, Maths A	T. Tozer, Eng. C
R. Gordon, Eng. B	C. Turner, Eng. C, Maths B
A. Hinton, Eng. B, Maths A	N. Weatherley, Eng. B, Maths A
J. Hollinshead, Eng. C	S. Welsh, Eng. A
J. Keep, Eng. B, Maths A	C. West, Eng. B
B. Jackson, Eng. A	M. Windsor, Eng. B
S. King, Eng. C	S. Wolff, Eng. C
F. Laughton, Eng. A	M. S. Wong, Maths A
D. Lyons, Eng. A	R. Wood, Eng. B

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL, 1980-81

Jane, Clare and Linda Woodhead: Petit Larousse Illustré.
 Heather Gosden: Set of lacrosse goalkeeper's pads.
 Victoria Brown: Engraved glass goblet and book: Mountbatten.

Katharine Ridley: Cheque £50 towards washing machine.
Sarah Hunt: Cheque £30 towards washing machine.
Susan Vokins: Cheque £35 for science equipment, and a book.

Heather Gillham: Ballet trophy.

Diane Hudson: Swimming cup.

Sarah Fox: Cheque £10 for P.E. equipment.

Margaret Sachs née Aubrey-Smith: 'Celestial Passengers' by Margaret Sachs.

Helen Thompson née Boswell: Cheque £10 for Sixth Form Centre.

Mr. E. A. Griffith: Film strips, tapes, text books to French Department.

Mrs. P. James (Head of English): Silver Challenge Cup for General Knowledge.

Mrs. Hurst, Lindsay and Paula: Book: 'Sylvia Pankhurst, Artist and Crusader'.

Mrs. Sandy (Head of Art, retd. Dec. 1980): Books: 'The Atlas of Mediaeval Man' and 'World Antiques'.

Lucinda Morrison: Book: 'Performing Arts'.

Mlle. Jacquot (Head of Modern Languages, retd. Summer 1980): Cheque £50 for use in Modern Languages Dept.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ruoss: Cheque for £1,000 in memory of Heidi Ruoss, d. Jan. 1981.

HEAD GIRL'S REMARKS AT THE PRIZE GIVING ON 11th DECEMBER, 1980

As this year's Head Girl, I have been persuaded to say a few words to you (and I do mean a few) about life at St. Mary's Hall as a pupil, and especially, life in the Sixth Form.

I distinctly remember, when I was at the tender age of eleven, all my illusions were shattered by the discovery that those superior, almost alien beings keeping us quiet before lunch, were not teachers, but merely Sixth Formers. Since then, as the secrets of those upper corridors have been gradually revealed, there have been not a few changes around. Of course, there are always new ideas, and newer problems, but despite the threat of 'O' and 'A' Levels, life does begin to take on a rosier hue as one progresses up the ladder.

Not only have there been alterations in the school buildings—with the Swimming Pool Block and the advent of a new Sixth Form House, but also in the whole atmosphere within this school.

Through the medium of the school council a wide cross section of our views has come under observation (and criticism) and this has meant a slackening of, or even the removal of, certain antiquated regulations. In addition, the growth of a measure of responsibility in all council members, even the youngest ones, has given us the feeling that this is a big step towards a more liberal and modern environment.

The Sixth Form too have had their grievances, and these especially have warranted a great deal of attention, with the result that our accommodation within school has been improved and certain restrictions have been relaxed. We hope that with the new house the Upper Sixth will be able to be dug up from their "mole holes" in Elliott and have greater freedom, without affecting the rest of our community.

On behalf of you all, because many of you will one day be Sixth Formers at St. Mary's Hall, I should like to thank Mrs. Leslie and the staff for providing the conditions in which it is

possible both for us to enjoy exciting changes and for us all to cherish the valuable traditions of which we are proud.

Susan Harrison

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR

We are proposing to hold the Triennial Fair in the Autumn Term and look forward to seeing you all there. Any contributions will be most welcome. Further details will be available in the early part of the Autumn Term.

W.R., L.J.B., J.B.L.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS

CHAPEL NOTES

We should like to thank very warmly all who help us in chapel worship: Jane Campbell who has been Senior Server this year and her team of servers, Janine Launchbury who is now Senior Sidesman and her team, and all who have read Lessons or taken part in the Intercessions, both staff and girls. Our 7.15 a.m. Eucharists have continued to be rather special and it is a delight to see thirty to forty girls and staff present even on dark winter mornings! Confirmation classes have been held throughout the year and the names of the girls who were confirmed by the Bishop of Chichester on Saturday, 15th November at St. George's Church are printed below.

The previous year's candidates had a very enjoyable day together in July at Neale House, East Grinstead where we received a warm welcome from the Sisters of St. Margaret's Convent. Discussion groups were formed in the morning, which seemed quite successful. The animals kept everyone amused after lunch. Then in the afternoon we had our own Eucharist followed by silent prayer in the Convent Chapel.

The Founder's Day Service was well supported by parents and friends in July, and we were so pleased that the Rev. T. Wooderson, who is one of our "fathers", was able to give the address, which was particularly meaningful for school leavers.

The Carol Service was also well attended and our thanks are due to the choirs who sang so beautifully, and to the music staff who contribute so much in our worship.

Confirmation Candidates, 1980:

Julia Cooper, Esther Darko, Catherine Fenn-Smith, Elizabeth Hodgson, Lesley Humphreys, Lindsey Hurst, Julia Kent, Christina Laxton, Wendy Moffat, Lucy Morton, Lisajane Nash, Idunnu Odulate, Joanna Podd, Melissa Royle, Caroline Searle, Samantha Slumbers, Catharine Snow, Susan Standing, Charlotte Temple, Teresa Waters, Melissa Webb, Juliet Wenstrom, Clare Wood, Philippa Wooderson.

CHRISTIAN UNION REPORT

The Christian Union has again existed as two groups, one meeting after breakfast mainly for Bible Study, the other meeting during Tuesday lunch breaks for Fourth Form upwards. We are fortunate in being allowed to use Mrs. Leslie's sitting room, which gives a far more informal atmosphere, necessary for improving the fellowship within the group. Attendance has been fairly consistent and the meetings have been led by various year groups. Activities

within the group include singing, playing consequences, prayer, and discussions on almost every topic under the sun!

We have also held and attended various other meetings, extending from a rally in the Albert Hall, films, ISCF meetings, talks—including ones on missionary work in Peru and a local evangelical church—and several joint meetings with Brighton College. They have all proved most enjoyable and rewarding to those who attended.

We hope that our witness in the school has been effective, and many thanks are due to all the members of staff who help, support and encourage us so generously, in the day to day running of the C.U.

Susan Harris, Gaynor Jude, Jane Hitchcock, LVI

SCHOOL TRIP TO SEEFELD AND OBERAMMERGAU, 1980

Under the leadership of Miss Payne and Mr. Holder, twenty of us set off one frosty morning for Seefeld in Austria.

We met at Gatwick Airport at 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, 2nd August, in a state of great anticipation, only to discover that our take-off was to be delayed. We did not, in fact, leave the ground until 10.15 a.m., arriving in Munich one and a half hours and one revolting synthetic lunch later. A sweltering two hour coach journey brought us at last to sunny Seefeld, surrounded by beautiful and mountainous scenery.

The party was split up between three hotels, all of which were both comfortable and spacious. The town itself was packed with interesting and exciting shops, and facilities such as a marvellous swimming pool and sports centre, as well as a beautiful lake. One of the main attractions among the younger members of the party was the Seefeld Disco, where many a jolly night was spent meeting the natives and taking part in enjoyable local customs.

There were various excursions on which we could go to fill in the time, although there was more than enough to keep us happy in Seefeld alone. Among the trips available were visits to Innsbruck, Vipiteno, in Italy, the Dolomite Mountains, Salzburg, and the Bavarian castle Neuchwanstein where some of the film "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" was shot.

About a week later, it was time to bid a sad farewell to Seefeld, along with Hans, Manfred, Johann etc., and we soon found ourselves in Oberammergau. It seemed at first to be a strange place, full of boys who looked like girls (or were they girls who looked like boys?). We later discovered that these beings actually were boys who had grown their hair in order to return to the centuries-old, world-famous Passion Play.

That evening we explored the town and the Passion Theatre itself. Almost every shop was filled with hundreds of samples of the local traditional craft, woodcarving. We stayed in private houses in Oberammergau, used for the duration of the play in order to accommodate more tourists.

The first Passion Play was performed in 1634 following a plague in the village the previous year from which most of its inhabitants were miraculously spared. The people of Oberammergau were so grateful that they vowed to perform a Passion Play every ten years. The play today is given in a large open-air theatre before an audience of about 6,000. It is the work of the town dwellers alone, and

it is probably because of this that it is so very impressive. More than six hundred take part as well as an orchestra and a large chorus of singers.

The Passion Play began at nine o'clock and lasted eight hours. Fortunately, it was a beautifully clear day, and we watched the first half in brilliant sunshine. It depicts the last week in the life of Christ, his crucifixion and resurrection. The second half, however, was less fortunate in that it rained heavily for some time, drenching both chorus and actors, and the moving scene on the Mount of Olives was marred by a helicopter flying overhead. Despite this, I think we all agreed that the whole play was both successful and impressive. In short, it was an experience of a lifetime.

Charlotte Doyle and Clare Back, UVI

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

P.E. REPORT, SPRING AND SUMMER, 1980

The Spring Term was an active, busy time for the P.E. Department with preparation for the end of season tournaments. The 1st Lacrosse team entered a 7-a-side indoor tournament held at Sussex University and met teams from Chelsea College of Higher Education, Bishop Otter College, Sussex University, Ancaster House School and a team of 'Veterans'. The afternoon was enjoyable and provided an opportunity for the team to experience strong opposition.

The weather provided strong opposition to the All England National Schools Tournament, which was held at Acton in March. A 1st and U15 XII from S.M.H. journeyed to what proved to be a wet and muddy day's play. Although the conditions were very difficult it did provide an opportunity for the teams to observe and play against varied schools providing experience of testing conditions. The Senior Lacrosse team had the opportunity for a preliminary experience of Tournament play at the West Sussex 1st and U15 XII Tournament held at St. Michael's, Petworth, meeting schools which are normally too distant to play in weekend matches.

The netball teams played well in the 'Towers Tournament', which was held for the first time this year at Windlesham House. Although not repeating the success of the previous year, all teams played well. The U12 VII had a particularly successful season culminating in the publication of the results of the U12 Town League which showed S.M.H. in second place on goal average, a result of hard work by both the team and Miss Walker.

The Ballet group produced a display which entertained parents, pupils and friends. It was composed of a variety of formal ballet and more varied forms of dance. Miss Ramsey, Diane Hudson, Heather Gillham and Sara Gould worked hard to produce an enjoyable evening. In the Gymnastics Competition held by the East Sussex Girls' Physical Education Association in the Autumn Term Sarah Reade was placed first in her section and competently performed her sequence in the Display Evening held at Chelsea College in the Spring Term.

The Summer Term began with a near miss by the 1st VI into the second round of the Aberdare Cup. The U15 VI beat Micklefield School in the first round of the Sussex Shield, but unfortunately lost to Brighton and Hove High School in

the second round. The tennis teams worked well during the season, improving personal skills and team play. Clare Wood achieved great personal success in tennis, an indication not only of her talent but also of her hard work and determination. The Nestle's Tennis Ladder was introduced as an opportunity for those wishing to play more singles matches and Clare Wood, having won the S.M.H. section, played in the next round but was defeated at this point.

The Garden Party displays this year comprised work by Junior and Senior Gym, Club Prep, Trans and II years giving demonstrations of class work on floor and apparatus. In the Pool a collection of sequences using synchronised swimming skills involved the upper part of the school. A group of seniors played a demonstration volleyball match, which was unfortunately halted by rain.

The swimming teams had a very successful end of term with Sarah Naish placed third in the Town Secondary Schools Swimming Championship and Laura Garrod first in the Town Middle School Championship. S.M.H. joined with Brighton College for the Middle School Gala, maintaining the record of the past three years by winning the division, and S.M.H. now ranks in Division 2.

We were sorry to lose Miss Walker and while thanking her for her hard work hope she will be very happy in her new job in London. We welcome Mrs. Hassall to the Department.

H.M.F.

Inter-House Matches

Lacrosse	Netball	Swimming
Adelaide	Babington	Babington
Chichester	Chichester	Adelaide
Bristol	Adelaide	Bristol
Babington	Bristol	Chichester
Tennis	Rounders	
Babington	Babington	
Chichester	Adelaide	
Adelaide }	Bristol }	
Bristol }	Chichester }	

Prep and Trans Inter-House

Netball	Rounders
Bristol	Bristol
Adelaide	Adelaide
Babington	Chichester }
Chichester	Babington }

Games Stars

Spring Term	Summer Term
Babington	Adelaide
Chichester	Chichester
Adelaide	Bristol }
Bristol	Babington }

Inter-School Badminton

Winners: E. Bunn and A. Barr. Runners-up: P. Hill and C. Finnerty.

Inter-School Tennis

Under 13 Singles: C. Morris. Runner-up: C. Gyax.
Under 13 Doubles: S. Fox and C. Scott. Runners-up: S. Cotton and C. Morris.

Under 15 Singles: C. Wood. Runner-up: S. Standing.
Under 15 Doubles: J. Vokins and S. Standing. Runners-up: J. Keep and K. Dowling.
Over 15 Singles: K. Taylor. Runner-up: C. Morley.
Over 15 Doubles: R. and C. Wood. Runners-up: K. Taylor and C. Morley.

Posture Badges awarded

Spring Term: S. Fox, C. Scott, B. Cooper, C. West, A. Bowerman, S. Pearn, A. Russell, L. Goodsell, P. Pearn, T. Johnson, P. Blagg.

Summer Term: J. Al-Bahrani, S. Brown, S. George, G. Laverack, L. Read, F. Talib, F. Moussavi, C. Morris, P. Hurst.

Colours

Lacrosse: N. Currie, K. Norrish.
Netball: T. Johnson.
Swimming: D. Hudson, S. Naish.
Tennis: C. Morley, K. Taylor.

Stripes

Lacrosse: T. Johnson, P. Gardner, V. Aylin, D. Swan, K. Dowling, J. Keep.
Netball: D. Swan, A. Middlemas, S. Standing, J. Buck.
Gym: B. Rents, B. Clark.
Rounders: M. Webb, L. Morton.
Tennis: C. Wood, S. Standing, A. Trustrum.
Swimming: I. Blumbergs, C. Wood, S. Aylin.

Awards

Lacrosse Cup: C. Morley. Ballet Medals: R. Hardaker, M. Morrison, S. Reade. P.E. Cup: C. Morley. P.E. Effort and Improvement Cup: R. Ridgway. Swimming Cup: S. Naish. Ballet Cup: C. Homewood, B. Freeman.

Number of Times Represented S.M.H.

Spring	Summer
Babington	Babington
Adelaide	Adelaide
Bristol	Bristol
Chichester	Chichester

THE SCIENCES

B.A.Y.S. REPORT, 1980-81

The year got off to an exciting start with a fascinating demonstration on kitchen fires and how to extinguish them. The lecturer deliberately set fire to a pan of hot fat and showed how the use of various fire extinguishers very often makes matters infinitely worse, and far more dangerous. The best method, he concluded, is to use a fire blanket.

Other lectures have included 'The Psychology of Laughter and Humour' by Professor Eppell, of Sussex University. This was extremely good, but for some reason (perhaps the July sun and post-exam euphoria) not very well attended. A good 90% of the audience was male, and consequently I began the evening with 'Good evening gentlemen, Susan and Jane ...'

Last term we had a talk on 'Diet and Disease in Obesity' by two London doctors. This was very well done, and some of the photographs of ladies in a varied assortment of shapes and sizes raised much laughter and many an eyebrow. Interestingly enough, a similar slide of a few somewhat portly gentlemen produced little or no effect on the audience.

For next year we are planning several visits to local industry, including the brewery at Lewes. We hope to have a three-legged, mixed triangular football match at the end of the Summer term.

As far as I am concerned, I have had an extremely happy year as co-chairman of the Sussex Branch. At times it has been rather busy and worrying (have you ever tried to arrange a lecture at five hours' notice?) but nevertheless, great fun. Finally I must thank Susan Harrison for all her undying loyalty and support, not only on the committee, but for making endless cups of coffee after many a lecture, and never complaining!

I hope that as many new members as possible from S.M.H. will join B.A.Y.S. next year, and that they get as much out of it as we have done.

Jennifer Child

MATHS COURSE AT NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY

On the second of January, still slightly affected by New Year celebrations, we met on a freezing Brighton station at about nine. Our four-day epic journey to the frozen north was about to begin! We reached Nottingham at about two along with another two hundred or so who were also on our train.

We finally arrived at the University and, realising we were in different halls, wandered around aimlessly until we found someone else in the same predicament and went in search of our temporary home. University life did not turn out to be as free as we had thought, although breakfast was optional, which meant an extra half an hour in bed!

Although we were promised eight lectures we, for some unknown reason, were given twelve and one afternoon off when we went and 'pottered' around Nottingham.

The lectures varied in length from three quarters of an hour to two hours and most were enjoyable. We liked an especially interesting lecture on computers and a splendid one on explosives (we could not understand how this tied in with maths!) given by Dr. Shaw, which was quite amazing. After the computer lecture we were given the run of the computer room so in every spare moment, we, along with many others, crammed into the computer room for a 'fiddle'. Another interesting lecture, which was given on the first night, was 'The Mathematics of Risk'. The lecturer had obviously spent weeks compiling figures on how much risk was involved when doing one activity rather than another. We decided it was to put us off doing anything adventurous while in their care. We also had a lecture on 'University Life', half given by a lecturer and the other by two third year students. It proved to be quite interesting and allowed for questions to be answered accurately.

On the whole we had a good time, with a party for a thousand in the Portland Building on the last night. We came back well educated and with many new friends.

Caroline Simmons and Amanda Plaskett, LVI

UPPER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP, SPRING, 1980

The 'A' level geography group left for North Wales on the morning of April 17th at 9.00 a.m. We were fortunate enough to have at our disposal the use of the new minibus which had been acquired by the school, and therefore had a most enjoyable trip. Dr. Dixon, our physical geography teacher, was kind enough to drive the minibus during the trip as well as to organise our studies while in Wales.

The route took us through London and up part of the M1 and M6 motorways, passing through Birmingham. No one needed any sign-posts or maps to tell us when we hit North Wales. The relatively sudden appearance of mountains was enough! We arrived at Penmaenmawr at around 5 p.m. and spent the evening unpacking and resting.

The six days spent in Wales usually followed the same pattern. We would leave the hotel after breakfast and go to a particular place for the morning, and after lunch we would cover another area, usually looking at a different aspect of our course.

These 'excursions' were of a very varied nature. They took us from pleasant walks along the sunny, warm beach at Newborough Sands studying granite formations, to a six mile hike up to the base of Mt. Snowdon over steep, rugged pathways, amid intervals of rain and mist, to observe glacially developed landscapes.

Apart from the physical aspect of geography we also studied the human side of our course by means of town development surveys and settlement patterns in Conway and Caernarvon and the surrounding country areas.

The trip was most informative, as well as extremely pleasurable. Being able subsequently to write of features and theories we had actually observed made all the difference in our actual 'A' level exams. The knowledge gained would, however, have been minimal if it had not been for all the help and assistance Dr. Dixon gave us during the week.

Melanie Lythgoe, UVI

LOWER SIXTH BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP, 1980

We left S.M.H. early one crisp February morning, armed with walking boots, heavy rucksacks and of course, our school packed lunch. The bus from St. Marks rolled up at Brighton station and we hopped out eager to start our journey—all except Susan, whose rucksack had become firmly lodged in the bus doors. We arrived at Betws-y-Coed after a long and tiring journey passed with endless games of 'snap' and cans of coke. The Draper's field centre is in a lovely setting among the rolling valleys and mountains of Snowdonia. Our fellow students were very nice, more than can be said for the cupboard-like rooms with hardly room to swing a mouse, let alone a cat. Incidentally, guess who were the only four girls to be given rooms on the boys' landing?

After breakfast each day, we would go on long walks studying various types of habitat. A long line of orange anoraks could be seen winding its way up the mountain side, in the rear often Idunnu, brandishing a large grin and a sharp ranging pole poised like a tribal spear. It was for good reason that those in her immediate range kept a rather nervous eye on her!

During the week we studied a wide range of habitats, including a rocky beach on Anglesey, wind-swept sand dunes in Bangor, a mountain stream, a slurry stream and the village pub. Nevertheless, it was an extremely long and hard day (even by Mrs. Channing's standards), with a tiring walk and theory lessons until ten at night. We were set work by the instructor too—double on the day that England beat Wales 9-8 at rugby.

The trip was crowned with a day long hike up Mount Snowdon. Susan, a little fitter than the rest of us, managed somehow to keep up with the vanguard and actually reached the summit. Jenny, Theo and Idunnu opted for the gentler route plus the company of an ecology student from Huddersfield Polytechnic, not to mention the rather dubious protection against hostile natives and mountain goats from Idunnu's tribal ranging-pole.

We are all agreed that the field trip was by far the most effective and enjoyable way to study ecology, even if it was hard work. The company of our fellow students and the idyllic Welsh setting all contributed to a memorable week. We hope that the next group has such an enjoyable and beneficial time.

*Jennifer Child, Idunnu Odulate,
Susan Harrison, Theodora Pepera, UVJ*

GENERAL ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The past year has been a most successful one for the School Council. All the meetings have been attended with enthusiasm by representatives from the First Forms upwards. Everyone has a chance to air her views.

During the meetings, we have discussed everything from milk and buns, vending machines and pianos to newspapers, French exchanges and straw boaters! This only goes to show that there is no limit to the ideas and suggestions put forward by girls who care about their school—and the patience shown by the staff in dealing with many of the recommendations.

Several of the Council's suggestions are actually being put into action. Some of the juniors have been able to enjoy early morning 'dips' in the swimming pool before breakfast, sports may be included in this year's Garden Party, and special school writing paper is now available to the girls.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Alford, our Chairman, and of course to Mrs. Leslie, whose presence at several meetings was much appreciated. Her opinions and kind support throughout the year have been of great value to us all.

*Clare Back
Secretary of School Council*

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

As we enter 1981 we are faced with the challenge of the New Scheme and with the excitement of the celebrations for the 25th anniversary of the Scheme. St. Mary's Hall has risen to the occasion and since Easter 1980 twenty-four girls have enrolled in the Scheme to date, including one direct Gold entrant. At present there are eleven girls working for their Gold Awards. This is a marvellous effort—keep up the good work!

We offer our congratulations to those who have

completed Awards this year: Bronze—Tamsin Johnson, Ruth Belson, Lisa Martin, Jennifer Owen, Sepideh Ghaemi, Narindar Kaur, Jane Hitchcock and Julia Cooper. Silver—Susan Harris, Susan Hennings and Gaynor Jupe.

Our encouragement and best wishes are forwarded to Pippa Pearn, who has undertaken the duties of Young Leader at Varndean Sixth Form College as part of her Gold Award.

To all members of staff who help with the assessment of courses in the Scheme we offer hearty thanks. Remember, it is the people involved who make the Scheme what it is. Why not become involved too?

K.M.S.

SOCIAL SERVICES REPORT, 1980-81

The past year has been a very busy, but rewarding one, for the social services department of the school. The many fund-raising activities included a twenty-mile sponsored walk, undertaken by the hardy LVI, the proceeds of which were sent to Christian Aid. Many of the girls generously donated to the Red Cross and Save the Children Funds, to help with the relief work in the areas recently affected by earthquakes in Algeria and Italy. The collections from the Founder's Day and Carol Services were divided between St. George's Church and the Turner Home in Brighton, which, as many of you will already know, cares devotedly for terminal cases; we are sure that they are very grateful for the generous support given by parents and friends of St. Mary's Hall. Christmas time brought once again the annual delivery of parcels to the elderly, many of whom are regularly visited by senior members of the school. A word must also be said about Prep and Trans, who have thought up various imaginative ways of raising money, for both a donkey sanctuary and the World Wildlife Fund—namely a sponsored silent lunch and quiz.

Finally, we should like to express our sincere thanks to all parents and friends who so valuably support the social services, as much by their interest as by their financial contributions.

*Charlotte Doyle and Fiona Barltrop
(Senior Social Services Representatives)*

RADIO BRIGHTON: FIRST CLASS

A team from St. Mary's Hall again competed in this quiz competition this year. In the first round our team of Victoria Firth, Janine Launchbury, Gabrielle Barrett and Fenella Welsh beat Gaisford High School 44-36. However, in the second round we lost to Brighton and Hove High School 40-46. Once again St. Mary's Hall was asked to act as host for the Finals of the quiz, in which Kings Manor beat Falmer High School.

P.J.J.

INTER-HOUSE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

This was held for the first time at the end of the Summer term, 1980, and was won by Bristol House, whose team was Elizabeth Edwards, Victoria Firth, Ruth McClaughry and Samantha Slumbers. There will be another competition in the Summer term this year.

P.J.J.

SENIOR LIBRARY REPORT, 1980-81

During the summer holidays the library had a much needed re-decoration, which necessitated the movement of large numbers of books. Several girls kindly came in to school before the commencement of the Autumn term to return these books to their rightful places.

We continue to receive generous donations of books from friends of the school. However, an unnecessary loss of books still continues to take place. The result of this is that we spend much money replacing books that have been 'misplaced' rather than buying new books.

Thank you to all those who have assisted in the library during the year, without whose invaluable help the library could not be maintained.

Sarah Squibb, Sarah Humphrey, UVI

JUNIOR LIBRARY REPORT, 1981

Since September the reference section of the Junior Library has been closed to borrowers. Girls will have seen the books heaped in piles on the tables and chairs and many may have wondered if they would ever be able to take out a book to consult for a project or a special interest. I am glad to be able to tell you that when the Summer term begins, all the reference books will be in their right places on the shelves, according to their subject placing in the Dewey system of classification. This should make it much easier for girls to find the book they require.

Over two thousand five hundred books have been classified, accessioned, labelled and their details filed on yellow cards and placed in our new filing cabinet. This has entailed a great deal of work but many people have shared in it and I wish to thank them all. The four Junior Librarians have given many hours to writing yellow cards, numbering and accessioning books. They are Laurie Jennings, Philippa Graham, Jane Simmons and Judith Richards. These four have been ready to help in many crises, such as the occasion when a high shelf broke and threw over one hundred carefully-sorted issues of the National Geographical Magazine half-way across the library. They managed to replace them all and we hope the poltergeist will not return.

Much useful help has been given by Gabrielle Hutton and Elizabeth Edwards, who classified the greater part of the geography section. The entire history section has been classified and filed by Mrs. Alford and without her help we would have needed a further term of work before we could re-open. I am most grateful to Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Gain who worked on the accession register and to the many members of ILLK who gave their services in a variety of ways.

Throughout it all, Miss Bristol never abandoned us and it is largely due to her support that order has finally emerged from chaos.

The reference section will re-open therefore for business at the beginning of the Summer term. The next task is to consider the fiction section and we intend to stock some exciting and imaginative new books which will particularly appeal to girls in Forms I to III.

S.S.

ADELAIDE HOUSE REPORT

We have held a number of fund-raising activities: throughout the Summer term we sold ice cream and raised

a splendid total of £64; in the Autumn term we held a raffle which raised £33.55—many thanks to the generous contributions of the prizes by the house staff; and even in the Spring term we managed to raise some money by holding a cake sale, which raised an amazing total of £23. A committee member of the local branch of the Campaign for Cancer Research came to visit the Heads of House, and supplied us with much interesting information about their work, since throughout the year the House has continued to support the Campaign.

The House has shown much enthusiasm for the Inter-House competitions and we should like to give everyone concerned our hearty thanks. We trained very hard for the lacrosse and won it again. The badminton team's keen efforts were thoroughly rewarded by a glorious victory. Despite the tremendous enthusiasm displayed at the numerous practices we were narrowly beaten in the rounders and swimming. But we were very pleased that nearly all the Inter-House art prizes were awarded to members of our House: Clare Back, Dong Ching Chiu and Maria Windsor all gaining 1st prizes and Jackie Rogers a 2nd prize. Very well done!

Whereas last year the House party was successfully held at the end of the Summer term, this year we found it very pleasant to round off our term of office in the Spring term by the annual House party.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank all members of the House for their hard work in fund-raising and competitions throughout the year.

Sarah Humphrey, Jane Campbell

We are extremely grateful to Jane and Sarah for all the hard work they have put into making 1980-81 such an enjoyable and successful year for Adelaide House. Their enthusiasm and energy for House affairs made every occasion exciting and enjoyable. It is with great regret that we have to say goodbye to them as House Captains, but we are sure that they will continue to give their support to whoever takes over from them next term. We are sure that we speak for every member of Adelaide House when we wish Sarah and Jane 'Good Luck' in the 'A' level examinations and we hope that they will keep in touch with us when they leave S.M.H. at the end of the Summer Term.

B.C. and S.B.

BABINGTON HOUSE REPORT, 1980-81

Babington has had a highly successful past year, counting amongst its triumphs first place in the House swimming, badminton, netball, rounders and tennis, not forgetting the House Shield. Many thanks are due to all those who worked so hard in coaching the teams, playing for the House, or merely lending their vocal support to those playing. Much enthusiasm was given to the lacrosse and general knowledge too, although we were not quite as successful in those fields.

We have managed to raise quite substantial sums of money for the House charity, which is the Church Missionary Society. This is given to the medical work of Miss E. Vause amongst the children of Zaire. Some of the money was made by way of a cake sale in the summer which raised a phenomenal £30.50. Miss Griffiths' sale of pens raised a further £32.70, and by May, 1980 we were able to send a cheque for £50. By November 13th another

for £75 was forwarded. At present, we are testing our true sense of charity by passing a collection box around the House each week.

This year, the house welcomed Miss Payne, Mrs. Sevinck and Mrs. Smith into the noble ranks of the Babington House staff. The year was marred, however, by the sad death of Heidi Ruoss, one of the House's most cheery members, whose happy smile will always be missed.

It is extremely encouraging to see the tremendous extent to which the House spirit has developed in such a new House. Many thanks must be given not only to Miss Griffiths and Miss Bristol for their inspiring leadership, but also to the rest of the House staff, and most important of all, the members of the House themselves to whom this year's achievements can be attributed. With such a powerful combination of team spirit and determination, I am confident that Babington will stride on to even greater achievements in the future.

Jennifer Child, UVI

BRISTOL HOUSE REPORT

The year started well, with the House winning the General Knowledge Quiz, which replaced the Music Competition this year.

Preparatory and Transition managed to retain the Rounders Cup for a second year. However, the Junior Rounders team was not as successful, just missing the second place and tying with Chichester House in third. Our Swimming team, led by Alison Miller, and our Tennis couples, comprising A. Miller, A. Denny, S. Hunt and K. Ridley, both achieved third place. Charlotte Homewood shared the individual Ballet Cup presented by Heather Gillham, and Miss Ramsey's Cup was awarded to Bristol House as a whole. Unfortunately, this year, the House Shield, which we had been holding for two years, was lost to Babington House by a margin of a few points.

The House Party, held at the end of the Summer term, was a great success and both the staff and the girls enjoyed the food, fun and games. Special thanks to all the House staff who helped to make it the success it was. The staff made a cake, specially decorated with beautiful blue elephants, as a farewell present to Mlle Jacquot, who retired this year. Our best wishes to her in her retirement. This year Mr. Wells has replaced Mlle Jacquot as Head of House.

The Autumn term began well, with a mini-fair held in the school hall in aid of Dr. De Winter's Cancer Crusade, the House Charity. The generosity of everyone, not only Bristol House members but the whole school as well, both in donating items for sale and in buying items on sale, helped us to raise the amazing sum of seventy-five pounds!—in one half-hour lunch break. We can only offer a vote of thanks to all those involved, especially the staff and, in particular, Mrs. Sinclair, who devoted much of her free time to the cause.

Although our badminton team put much time, effort and enthusiasm into the tournament, alas we came last. Arrangements are under way for a sponsored swim, which will be held at the end of this term in aid of the House Charity. We hope it will be as great a success as the mini-fair.

Finally, we would like to thank everyone, both staff and

pupils, for their continuous support and help. Also, we hope next year will be as much fun and will bring even greater success than this one.

Idunnu Odulate and Ann Quinn

CHICHESTER HOUSE REPORT

This year Chichester House has managed to raise approximately £70 for the Dr. Barnardo's Homes, our new House Charity. The money has been raised through a cake sale, a book sale, a raffle and two 'guess the number of sweets in the jar' competitions, and the junior members of the House have shown great enthusiasm in their approach to raising money.

In the Inter-House competitions this year, Chichester has not managed to gain the position of first place, but not through lack of effort on the teams' parts. At the end of the Summer term Chichester was narrowly beaten into second place in both the Inter-House tennis and the General Knowledge Quiz. Bad luck Chichester!

Every year Chichester holds a party for its members at the end of the Christmas term. This year the theme was fancy dress and the girls showed great imagination in the costumes that they wore. The Sixth Form performed a short pantomime which, although not very professional, was enjoyed by everyone and the party ended with carol singing. I should like to thank all the staff and Sixth Form who provided the delicious food, which guaranteed the success of the party.

Thank you to all those members of the House who represented Chichester in the Inter-House competitions; to my deputies Theodora Pepera and Sarah Squibb; and also to Katy Taylor and Nicola Currie, all of whom have been very helpful during my term of office. Also thanks are due to the staff who have given invaluable support to Chichester.

Vanessa Mont, UVI

THE ARTS

MUSIC DEPARTMENT REPORT

During the past year, the music department of St. Mary's Hall has continued to flourish. Much enthusiasm has been displayed by pupils and staff alike in the various performances given.

The year started well with Vivaldi's 'Gloria' and Britten's 'St. Nicolas' being performed by a joint choir from St. Mary's Hall and Brighton College at St. Peter's Church, Brighton. In complete contrast to this, a production of 'The Boyfriend' was staged just before Christmas and the hard work of Mr. Wells, the music department staff and girls was greatly appreciated. It was an immense success.

Two instrumental concerts were arranged last year in which a large proportion of the school's pupils displayed their talents.

Professor Aviss gave up his 'cello teaching last summer after many years with St. Mary's Hall in order to fulfil his duties at the Trinity College of Music, London, where he is a member of the teaching staff. We are very sorry to lose him, but delighted that he is still able to come to teach the string quartet.

A large number of pupils took Associated Board and Guildhall music examinations throughout the past year and excellent results were attained. In addition, many pupils did well in local music festivals.

We anticipate a continued enthusiasm in the musical activities at St. Mary's Hall.

*Ruth Belson and Elizabeth Edwards
Music Prefects*

BRADFIELD ORCHESTRAL COURSE

Last summer holidays my brother and I went on an orchestral course at Bradfield College. People from all over the country came and there was a friendly atmosphere amongst us all. The course is for anyone who is between 13 and 17 years old, plays an instrument in the orchestra, and who has passed grade IV. There are three orchestras and you are placed in one according to your standard. There is also a concert band. There are many trained coaches for each orchestra. Three rehearsals take place each day, when a great variety of music is played and a few pieces are chosen for the concert at the end of the week, when your parents and friends can come and listen. The afternoons are free and you can play tennis, go swimming, go for a walk in the surrounding country or do nothing. In the evenings there are discos every night and a few films. There are several boarding houses and there is a matron sleeping in each house. There is also a nurse on the premises if anyone is taken ill.

Last year it cost £49 for the week. I enjoyed myself very much and found it jolly hard work to start with! But I'm going again this year and I am hoping to meet again all the friends I made last year.

Teresa Waters, IVD

THE BOYFRIEND (by Sandy Wilson)

On Friday, 5th and Saturday, 6th December, 1980, St. Mary's Hall presented a production of the musical 'The Boyfriend' by Sandy Wilson, to parents and friends. The musical play is set in the 1920s in Nice. The action takes place in Madame Dubonnet's Finishing School, on the 'Plage' and at the Café Pataplon. The theme is love, both young and old.

The cast consisted of girls from the fourth year upwards, members of staff and one 'outsider', Mr. Bob Cresswell, who kindly played Lord Brockhurst.

Cast List: Elizabeth Edwards, Samantha Welsh, Jennifer Owen, Clare Back, Melissa Royle, Jacqueline Buck, Mrs. K. Sinclair, Miriam Batten, Mr. M. Wells, Victoria Aylin, Mr. Robert Cresswell, Mrs. S. Best, Anna Laverack, Caroline Searle, Renée Edwards, Vanessa Mont, Elizabeth Hodgson, Jane Hollinshead, Pamela Blagg, Mary Scott, Ruth McClaughry, Clare Higginbotham, Anne Pink, Pippa Considine, Melanie Morrison, Louise Venables, Susanna Pearn, Sally Buck, Shelagh King, Ruth Wooderson, Fiona Bartrop, Leonie Tame, Lucy Morton and Heidi Ruoss.

Auditions were held during the Summer term and rehearsals lasted throughout the Autumn term. Prior to the final performances the natural panic and stomach-churning nerves set in, but once the cast set foot on 'the boards' and the play was under way the performance went smoothly. There were no major catastrophes during the two performances, except that one of our chorus girls, Susanna

Pearn, unfortunately had sprained her arm and it was in a sling for the performance.

At the end of the last performance Madame Dubonnet (Mrs. Sinclair) and Mr. Browne (Mr. Wells) found to their utmost surprise (and loss of singing voice!) that the Moët and Chandon was not the ordinary ginger ale expected but in fact champagne, kindly provided by their cast!

Thanks go to all those who worked off the scenes with the lighting, make-up, costumes and the scenery, and especially to our two producers, Miss McIntosh and Mr. Wells, Miss Ford our choreographer, the orchestra and all the cast. A great deal of hard work was put in to make an enjoyable and successful production.

*Vicky Aylin, VF and
Jackie Buck, IVO*

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE

In May, 1980 the staff were ill-advised enough to present a shortened version of John Dighton's farce 'The Happiest Days of Your Life' to the School. Volunteers were assured that rehearsals would be short and amiable in tone and some staff were actually taken in. By the beginning of Summer term even brave hearts were faltering but, as with being hanged, the prospects of three hundred and sixty pupils eager for their mentors and guides to appear on stage had the effect of concentrating our minds wonderfully. Gluttons for punishment, the cast agreed to two performances on one day. Will sights such as Miss Fabian's hat, Mrs. James' boxing glove, Mr. Liddell's goalposts, Miss Jones's pigtailed, Mrs. Sinclair's bloomers and Dr. Dixon's games shirt ever be forgotten? We can only hope.

Cast List: Dick Tassell, Mr. M. Wells; Rainbow, Mr. J. Liddell; Rupert Billings, Dr. R. Dixon; Mr. Pond, Mr. M. Martin; Miss Evelyn Whitchurch, Mrs. P. James; Miss Gossage, Mrs. K. Sinclair; Hopcroft minor, Miss F. Walker; Barbara Cahoun, Miss S. Jones; Miss Joyce Harper, Mrs. G. Tissier; Mrs. Peck, Miss M. McIntosh; Deidre, her sister, Mrs. S. Best; Mrs. Sowter, Miss C. Fabian; Edwina, her sister, Mrs. V. Betts.

M.E.W.

A REVIEW OF 'MACBETH' BY THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE COMPANY

This production, by the Cambridge Theatre Company, was not ambitious in any way, but what was used was used in an economical fashion, with little room for frills.

The set was modern, built from seemingly heavy wood, and extremely dark. The only relief was a backcloth of pastel greens and a flight of steps leading down from one level onto the floor. Any furniture used was also of dark wood, but this was lightened by white chair covers used on Macbeth's throne. In a way, this use of colour was effective in that the costumes used seemed lighter, and the white metal trellises were also effective because they separated the outside from the inside.

I thought the lighting was excellent, because it could make one imagine anything; it divided, subtracted and even added onto separate corners of the stage. Also, there was not so much blood as to make it seem unreal. The lightning effect across the backcloth was also effective in creating an atmosphere of evil.

Macbeth was played by Brian Cox, who managed to portray him as a man obsessed by his own ambition and greed, but somehow I felt he could have lessened the heavy atmosphere somewhat. Gemma Jones, as Lady Macbeth was insipid—a creature to be pitied rather than feared, as she could not convey the feeling of terror as I felt she ought. MacDuff, played by John Aubrey, was at least convincing. The only light scene in the play was the interlude in which the porter contrived to joke about his carousing. The witches were more original and bloodcurdling than some of the other characters, but at the same time I felt them to be slightly ludicrous!

All in all, the production was a competent one, not overly ambitious, but it lacked colour and life. At least it managed to keep to a strict budget where costumes were concerned—an overcoat here and an extra veil or cloak there managed to produce an effect of variety.

Catharine Snow, IVO

THE THIRD FORM OUTING TO 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

On Tuesday, 27th January, the Third Form were taken by Mrs. James, Mrs. Gledhill and Mrs. Sevinck to the Gardner Centre at the University of Sussex to see 'The Merchant of Venice' performed by Shared Experience.

The set on the stage was very simple. It consisted of a grey-blue mat and blue curtains which were only half-drawn across, and it was most distracting seeing a character run behind the curtains and change for his next part. The players did not wear period costumes, they adopted long flowing cloaks in all the colours of the rainbow, which were very attractive. Also the players wore masks to help portray the part that they were playing, especially if a woman changed into a man, as did Holly Wilson, who played Portia and Salerio. Unfortunately though, some of the masking was exaggerated with unattractive hooked noses and fat cheeks. It must have been very hard for the actors as they only numbered eight, and so each actor had to play at least two parts. Often their parts were very different from each other but they did very well in assuming each one and the contrast between parts was very good.

The casket scenes were very good and the music helped to give dimension to what was happening. When the Prince of Morocco came in, he was accompanied by drum beats. The Prince of Arragon had lively Spanish music with noisy guitars and castanets. When Bassanio entered the music was of a slow and romantic Venetian style, and when he chose the right casket it changed into a loud, triumphant sound.

Shylock, who was played by Jonathan Hackett, was very good. He wore a green and brown cloak and was bent double all the time to indicate a very evil man. He was extremely good in the court room scene by first praising the lawyer, who was in fact Portia in disguise, and then on hearing that he would die if he shed as much as one drop of Antonio's blood, he changed his attitude to Portia very quickly.

Philip Osment, who played Lancelot Gobbo, was also very good and he really brought out the humour in the play. His mask, which had red puffy little cheeks, made him look very much like a clown. I thought that his actions were very funny and he kept adding ad-lib lines which were very amusing.

The part of Portia was played extremely strongly by Holly Wilson. In the court scene she played the lawyer very well, waiting until the very last minute to tell Shylock not to shed a drop of Antonio's blood, when Shylock was sitting astraddle Antonio and was just about to plunge his knife into Antonio's heart.

All in all I think that our trip to see 'The Merchant of Venice' was a very worthwhile experience.

Rosemary Drew, IIII

'DEAR AUNT JANE'

This was the title of a 'performance' of the life and works of Jane Austen by Angela Ellis. This actress has created a method of imparting a large quantity of information about Jane Austen's life and works, together with a sense of the England of the time, without officially 'lecturing'. By taking her material from Jane Austen's letters and books, and weaving these into a chronological history of the author's life, Angela Ellis enabled the exam-conscious Fifth and Sixth Formers of her audience to take in more than they might have done by individual effort.

Miss Ellis not only recited a lengthy monologue, but wore period costume (including a 'hat' that closely resembled a baby's bonnet), and brought her own 'props'—a stool, a table and numerous books. She maintained the audience's attention by frequent movement, by reference to her 'props', and by reading excerpts from 'Emma', 'Pride and Prejudice', 'Sense and Sensibility' and the 'Juvenilia', interspersed with her own detailed narrative.

The resulting talk was quite as informative as, and certainly more dramatic than, a lecture!

Jane Hitchcock, LVI

'THEATRE ARTS' DAY TRIP TO LONDON

We arose early, and after a light 'repas' clambered into our limousine, and set off to London. Our first stop was the National Theatre, where we were given an 'exclusive' guided tour behind the scenes, during which time we showed the suitable emotions of stunned appreciation. There were three theatres within the National: the Olivier, the Lyttleton, and the Cottesloe, each very impressive and efficient. Perhaps the most spectacular of the three was the Olivier; it had lilac-coloured seats (the favourite colour of Laurence Olivier, the first director) which were arranged like an amphitheatre, so that the actor need not turn his head to be able to see the whole audience. There will soon be an amazing system whereby the stage can be sunk forty feet, and the set changed while a pre-prepared set rises to replace it. Our guide informed us that the National had cost the astronomical sum of seventeen million pounds to build, and is so successful that they are working at 98% capacity.

After a coffee in the plush Lyttleton restaurant, overlooking the Thames, we dashed off for lunch in Macdonalds, and then on to the Comedy Theatre. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller is a complex study of persecution and mass hysteria. The play is set in Salem, America, at the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, where some children, finding themselves with the power to condemn through adults' blinding religious errors, take advantage of this situation, causing the deaths of several innocent women. We found it enjoyable, but disturbing, because of its modern social implications. The cast of the play were from the very

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

SHYLOCK REMEMBERS ANTONIO'S TRIAL, AND REFLECTS ON IT A YEAR LATER

"Ah, Tubal, how good it is to see you again! Do you realise that you are the only one of my Jewish friends who has not neglected me since this cursed Christianity was forced upon me? Ah, how I long for my own religion! Do you know, I am prevented from ever entering a synagogue again by the law of Venice? Oh, cruel world, that a man should be deprived of his religion, his life-blood, his very existence! And all because I dared to have it in mind to harm a Christian. How I hate the word now that I am forced to subject myself to its vulgarity! Of course, in mind and spirit I shall always be a Jew, but is it not hard Tubal, when a man is forced to show penitence when he has done no wrong? Antonio (cursed be his name!) did not look to his bond, and thus I was only abiding by the law of Venice. Huh, the law of Venice, upon which I determined to rid myself of Antonio for ever, now holds me, in its iron hand!

Put yourself for one moment into my position, Tubal. My friends have all deserted me, and I am surrounded by a people who have no regard for me and whom I would condemn without a qualm. Am I not unfortunate, my friend? Not only am I bereft of my religion, but half my estate is the property of the Court of Venice and thus I am forced to live in a state of almost abject poverty. I would not mind so much if some worthy Jew had robbed me of my ducats, but when I think of some vile Christian growing fat upon my means, why, I do indeed wonder at the cruelty of God! And, Tubal, not only is there the misery of my wretched existence, but there lingers on the humility with which I remember the trial, to torture me!

I was so prepared for the killing of Signor Antonio! I dreamed of nothing else for many nights and by day I consoled myself for the loss of my daughter (may God lay his curse upon her for ever more) and my ducats, by looking at the knife with which I intended to cut off a pound of Antonio's fair flesh. Ah, how I was deceived!

That doctor (oh, that devil in disguise) who was the cause of my present distress, who I thought was on my side! What a fool I was to trust him! I am sure that if it had not been for him, I would have had my bond, and Antonio would be long dead, and I, triumphant in the thought that I had rid the world of one Christian.

But instead, Antonio is doing very well for himself. I hear that he has gained a vast fortune from his investments, and that he has married a woman of beauty and consequence, and that she has borne him a son and heir.

Oh, that such an undeserving Christian fool should be graced with a son and heir, while I, a well-deserving man if there ever was one, should be presented with a daughter! A daughter is not always a bad thing, but when she grows up to betray her father (who wanted only the best for her) and to run off with a sworn enemy of her race, then she is indeed a curse! May she rot in hell, with her Christian husband!

Ah, Tubal, I have kept you long. You must go, I see you have better things to do than to spend your time with a Christian! But I beg you, Tubal, do not desert me! I now have so little to offer, but your friendship is a great rope for me to hold onto. I beg you also, for my sake, to use every

company that had performed it originally at the National Theatre. The actors' performance was very strong, but we felt that a little more speed would have lent emphasis to the more dramatic scenes. The scenery used was simple, and adapted to the changes required perfectly. One of the 'children' in the play was Valerie Whittington, the daughter of one of St. Mary's Hall's domestic staff.

Our day in London was both educational and amusing. We returned to school mentally stimulated, and enthusiastic about our future careers on stage.

Sally-Anne Burt, LVI

SYMPOSIUM

This year Symposium has been fairly successful. Within the school we have held a number of balloon debates to try to give newer members an opportunity of gaining some confidence and practice at speaking. Externally there has not been quite so much activity as usual, not entirely through lack of effort—only two competitions and a highly amusing, if unceremonious balloon debate at Brighton College, which was certainly illuminating.

The Brighton Rotary Club public speaking competition gave our first 'gang' of three a chance to compete in this competition (in which they were commended), a few days before that of the English Speaking Union. Two teams were entered for this, with Miss Louise Thwaites speaking on 'Education, are we happier ignorant', and Miss Sally-Anne Burt on 'Public attitudes to homosexuality'. Despite the controversial nature of this subject she was highly praised for her speech, and both teams gained invaluable experience of 'public' public speaking. Indeed, this competition inspired one member of the general public to voice his surprised opinion of the eloquence of modern youth, in a local newspaper.

As new joint heads of Symposium we hope to take advantage of the enthusiasm shown by the members, by arranging a larger number of external events in the summer.

Renée Edwards, Jane Hitchcock, LVI

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

In the Autumn Term, 1980, Dr. Norman Vance of the University of Sussex came to talk to the Sixth Form English group. His talk was entitled: What is Literature?

In the week in which this magazine goes to press, the Fifth Form will have the opportunity to attend a Theatre Workshop by the Brighton Actors Workshop on 'Julius Caesar', the play they are studying for 'O' level.

In the Summer Term, 1981, Dr. Cedric Watts from the University of Sussex is coming to talk to the Sixth Form English group on 'King Lear'.

P.J.J.

SIXTH FORM THEATRE VISITS

Since the Autumn Term, 1980, groups of Sixth Formers have been to the theatre on a number of occasions. The minibus has been very useful to us in saving travelling costs. The following plays have been seen: 'Jumpers', Connaught Theatre; 'The Taming of the Shrew', Connaught Theatre; 'Much Ado About Nothing', Gardner Centre; 'Trelawney of the Wells', Theatre Royal; 'The Winter's Tale', St. George's Theatre; 'Macbeth', Theatre Royal; 'Time and Time Again', Theatre Royal; 'The Relapse', Theatre Royal; 'Waiting for Godot', Christ's Hospital Arts Centre; 'The Nutcracker', Theatre Royal; 'The Crucible', Comedy Theatre.

P.J.J.

opportunity that you can to down a Christian. I shall grasp at every given chance to do harm to one of that cursed race, even in my hindered position! Farewell, my friend, pray return to me soon!

Rachael Purchas, Illi

POEMS FROM GREEK STORIES

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGONAUTS

Enter the Black Sea,
At its gateway.
Pass through two rocks
That guard the straits
But with such violence
They may dash together
Crushing everything to pieces,
Then, leaving peace and stillness.

Take a pigeon then set it free
If it reaches the other side
Then that is the sign, showing help.
Watch the rocks carefully,
Then row with all might,
If you pass safely, praise the gods;
For a road from Greece to the Eastern seas
Will have been made, for ever.

Heloise Royse, IP

ORPHEUS

Orpheus sat on the lonely shore,
Mourning for one that he loved so dearly;
His lyre played music, sad and clear,
Yet, from morning till dusk he could not rest,
For the sadness that filled his heart.

The birds came flocking from near and far,
At the sound of the music he played.
And even the ghosts and King Pluto himself
Stopped to hear his sweet melodies
That filled the air and lulled the dead.

Susanna Bryant, IP

PERSEUS CARRYING MEDUSA'S HEAD IN THE SACK

Perseus,
Flying, on the winged sandals
Of Mercury himself,
Carrying the gory head of Medusa.
Over mountains, valleys, rivers
Endlessly he flies.
Now a drop of her vile blood falls,
And scorches the ground below.
Another drop spills;
And the magnificent, winged horse, Pegasus
Springs from the earth
To fly to his domain,
Mount Helicon.

Victoria Tink, IP

MEDEA

O night, you who hid our mysteries
Hecate, you are the goddess of Witches
Earth, you who provide us with our magic herbs,
Now I need your help.
Already by my spells I have made
Rivers run backwards,
Drawn the moon down from the sky,
Uprooted forests and mountains.
Now I have need of drugs
Which will turn the old into young.

She gathered the herbs
When she reached home
She would not allow her husband to kiss her
She would not allow anyone to touch her
She would not go indoors.
She went and built two altars out of turf,
She dug a ditch by each altar,
And filled each ditch with
The blood of a black sheep she had sacrificed.

Jane Bernstein, IP

HIS LONG LOST LOVE

Down, Down, Down,
Into the dreadful dark
Of the shadows of death,
Went Orpheus to find
His long lost wife,
With the music of his lute,
He roused all the dead,
Who crowded in flocks,
To hear the music
Like the song of a bird.

Heather Bruce-Merrie, IP



Lilian Cooper, Vu, self portrait

THE EPIDAUROS THEATRE

Having lugged myself up the treacherous slopes of the hillside and climbed the monotonous steps almost completely eroded away with time, and converted to dust, eventually I caught sight of the looming theatre situated in the bowl of the hillside. As soon as I glimpsed this awe-inspiring spectacle, I experienced a weird sensation, I felt I was transformed into a young Grecian lady accompanied by a wealthy Athenian citizen who was leading me by the hand to our selected seat in the theatre, which was carved out of stone and jutted out of the bank. I imagined the bustle of the people as the citizens clambered into their seats and rearranged their Greek tunics, which fell into countless gathered pleats as they sat down onto the cold, stone seats.

The ominous chatter flooded the Greek theatre as I visualised the athletic slaves darting hither and thither loaded with sweetmeats for their masters.

However, after receiving a sudden jerk on my shoulder, I was forced to cease my illusions of a previous existence and was cast back into the world of today.

The spectators were no longer clad in Greek costumes, but were suitably dressed in a modern attire. The constant buzz of the bellowing voices slowly dwindled into silence, and was simultaneously followed by a loud uproar of clapping. The first actors appeared on the stage dressed in Greek costumes and holding elaborately-decorated masks with comic faces painted on them.

Unfortunately, I found the speeches rather incomprehensible, because the actors spoke in Greek. However, this did not mar my enjoyment of the performance, which was lively and was composed as follows: The first actors, as I have formerly stated, were dressed in an ancient Greek fashion and acted in a classical manner. They were accompanied by the chorus who danced in the orchestra, gliding to the left or right, whichever was applicable, generally termed by the classical Greeks as strophe and antistrophe.

However, the next episode was revealed to be rather different. The actors were dressed in a medieval costume. Thus, throughout the play each episode contained actors with a new style of dress referring to the era and fashion. This continued through the centuries, until modern dress prevailed.

The Epidaurus theatre echoed with the shrill voices of the actors and the sound rebounded off the *shēna* (stage) to the audience, who heard the noises, as if they were very near. No doubt because I was actually seated on the original stone seat which had stood there for many thousands of years and had not been restored, I naturally obtained the full benefit of being able to imagine that I was sitting amongst the Ancient Greek audience.

It all seemed so real, and when, at length, I heard the loud applause of the audience as the actors completed the play, I was most disillusioned to see modern-dressed people, rather than Greek ambassadors or ordinary citizens. Afterwards, analysing the prospect, a suitable moral occurred to me: when placed in the ideal situation, how the imagination does wander!

Lucy Middlemas, LVI

AN OPEN AIR CIRCUS

The sky was heavy; the atmosphere was oppressed and humid and on the flag poles, the gaudy banners drooped,

wilting and dying in the heat. It was not a day calculated to draw the crowds and at the turnstile the keeper counted the day's takings gloomily.

At the sweet stall, the cheap confectionery was melting slowly and unobtrusively, while the assistant read a novel and sucked aniseed balls.

In the circus ring, not a soul stirred. A young boy, whistling softly through his teeth, collected up the refuse; orange peel and coke tins, in preparation for the next show. Silently, a girl slipped into the ring and began to practise backflips, somersaults and walkovers—there seemed no end to her ability. The boy did not turn around but carried on whistling. The girl left.

Gradually dusk fell with a softness that totally belied the preceding day. A gentle breeze blew, and with it came a feeling of expectancy that hovered around the brightly-lit stalls and the circus tent; and the crowds came.

They were noisy and loud, pushy and ignorant; uncaring of what they saw or where they went, but they paid good money, and the circus was bound to entertain. The boy was different in a gold-braided costume, selling popcorn and toffee apples. The girl was the star of the show; light and fragile like some small spirit and the crowd gave her applause—the boy watched.

Catharine Snow, IVO

A CLERIHEW AND SOME LIMERICKS

Florid Macbeth
Was done to death.
He was shady
But so was his lady.

Brigid Cooper, IIE

There was a young man from Peru,
Who wanted to hunt the gnu.
In Peru there are none,
But he wanted his fun,
So he shot a poor beast in the zoo.

Brigid Cooper, IIE

There was a rich man from Dover,
Who owned two Rolls, and a Rover
He owned a rich house
Whence lived a fat mouse
Who ate all the clothes of the chauffeur.

Shani Waller, Transition

There was a young wizard of air
Who had a great thick mop of hair
When he rose in a whoosh
He looked like a bush
That silly young wizard of air.

Jane Lovatt, Transition

There was an old man from Platt,
Who was exceedingly fat,
He ate all day
Till he passed away,
That silly old man from Platt.

Clare Spencer, Transition

There was an old man from Calcutta
Who never could cut his butter
He went to his wife
And asked for a knife
But all she could do, was mutter.

Shani Waller, Transition

There was a young fellow from Surrey
Who ate a dessert in a hurry
He jumped higher and higher
As his mouth was on fire
The sweet dish turned out to be curry.

Rachel Holder, IIE

FOOD!

Wherever tasty-looking food happens to be offered to me, I simply cannot resist it. My mouth waters, and my stomach rumbles! Here are a few of my favourite dishes: ripe strawberries lavished with thick fresh cream; smoked salmon with lemon juice; beefburgers in baps topped with delicious spicy tomato relish; bread and butter puddings with plenty of brown sugar; spicy sizzling sausages; thick, tasty ox-tail soup; creamy tapioca with golden syrup; pizzas topped with thick cheese and mushrooms; chips drowned in salt and vinegar; pâté on cold buttered toast; strong pickled onion-flavoured crisps; prawn cocktails with crispy lettuce; chocolate éclairs filled with thick cream; hot buttered jacket potatoes; all Italian dishes, especially spaghetti bolognese and lasagne; enormous T-bone steaks in red wine sauce; well-cooked buttered fresh spinach, and cold crab in mayonnaise sauce. I have several others which I would love to mention if I was allowed to write a book!

Some of my favourite drinks are: ice-cold 7-up, coca-cola and lemonade; steaming coffee; home-made beer smelling of hops and malt, and fresh orange juice. Occasionally I have the pleasure of drinking sherry, champagne, vodka and orange, port, Tia Maria, liqueur coffees and iced coffees.

Although I like many things, there are a few that I dislike: fruit cakes; Christmas puddings; courgettes and marrows that have been cooked too long and are soft and soggy; cabbage (cooked); carrots (cooked); semolina; saveloys; fried eggs; cashew nuts; and fatty steaks.

There are a few things that I have not tasted, and I am not sure if I ever want to: haggis; camel steaks; octopus meat; horse meat; snails; scallops; frogs and faggots.

Sarah Reade, 3H

TWO DELIGHTS

The first 'delight' that I can recall with any degree of clarity was a culinary marvel, produced by my godmother, Aunt Bid. To explain the true character of this wonder with mere words would be almost impossible, and so I shall just describe it as being the ultimate in chocolate mousses, and certainly the crème de la crème of all soft puddings. It was called, for reasons that will be apparent later, 'Jennifer's Pud'. It must have been, on reflection (for I have seldom had it since), a heavenly blend of milk, eggs, cream and chocolate, and a number of secret ingredients besides. It was indeed a dish fit for a king, or even Baby Jennifer in her high chair, come to that.

The first time I ever experienced this pudding, later to be named after me, was shortly before my brother was born. My father was busy with his work in London, and so when my mother was ushered into the nursing home, Aunt Bid and Uncle Donald too, I think, came to stay to look after me. To distract me from bothering Daddy with questions about my mother's sudden, and to me, quite mysterious disappearance all the time, Aunt Bid tried out her 'speciality' on me, with immediate success.

I can almost remember the first sniff, the first mouthful and the smile that spread across my face with pure delight. I soon forgot about Mummy, and about Daddy too, and became engrossed with this new delicacy. Egon Ronay might possibly have overlooked the pudding, but I went right into the matter, from my chin right up to my forehead, and way past my ears. Not a drop was wasted (for once) on the plastic bib, or even on teddy, who had by then grown accustomed to sharing most of my meals and especially the ones I didn't much care for (although he would invariably spill most of it down his front when I offered him the spoon).

I have only had the pudding once since then, when I was ten years old. Perhaps owing to my advancing age, or maturing palate, it seemed to have lost that special 'something' which gave it its magic eight years before. It must remain a wonder in the archives of my memory, perhaps never to be tasted again. Before too much dust collects around the memory of this delight, I must coin that old cliché again, and say just once more: 'To eat it was to love it'.

Jennifer Child, UVI

A wonderful experience which springs to mind is to do with my greatest love—animals. When I was seven I was overcome with joy when Bella, a tiny black alsatian puppy, was given to me as a present. Two years later Bella became pregnant and I was absolutely thrilled. Of course she was not as playful as usual but I could forgive her that. After her visit to the vet it was predicted when she would give birth and I kept watch over her every hour I could. The night before the predicted day after I had been put to bed I lay awake thinking of her—I just could not sleep. Finally I decided there was only one thing for it; I got out of bed, crept as quietly as I could out of the house and then scurried across the lawn to the kennel. Bella tried to rise and greet me, but she couldn't. I sat down beside her and stroked her head. Then suddenly she started to move; waves of contractions were running the length of her body. I looked on anxiously, still stroking her head, then for the first time in my life I saw a live animal being born—it was a moving experience; very hard to describe. In about an hour five puppies were born, I didn't know what to do with them but Bella did; she licked them clean and lay down so as to allow them to suckle her. All this time she had hardly noticed my presence, but now she looked at me, 'smiled', put her head in my lap and fell asleep.

The wonderful feeling I experienced is too overwhelming to describe. That night is my most memorable to date—getting to the kennel was half the fun, being there was all of it.

Theodora Pepera, UVI

THE SEASONS

A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON

White streaks of cloud loiter across the summer sky
The slight breeze weaves itself through the leaves of the
willow tree

The perpetual summer sun makes the greenhouse's glass
glisten

Glazed, brown bodies lie in reclining chairs.

Our ginger cat seeks shade by the tall pine tree

Our rabbits lie in their runs on the parched grass

A few doves coo, perching on the dove cote

Plums are purple-red

Ripe apples fall to the ground with a thud

The boughs of the pear trees bend, laden with fruit

A bee buzzes and deftly enters a nearby flower

Crimson roses gaze upwards to the sky

Small, delicate daisies carpet the lawn

Dandelion 'puffs' float in the breeze

A smell of new mown grass

The incessant throb of my heart which seems to be in my
head

As I gently sway in my hammock, in the garden on a
summer's afternoon.

Karen Bowerman, IIIH

THE SEASONS

In the winter falls the snow,
Walking in the parks we go.

In the spring the birds come out,
Singing, flying all about.

In the summer we have fun,
Singing, playing in the sun.

In the autumn time the leaves,
Float around the golden trees.

Whatever the season of the year,
I'm always glad that it is here.

Jenny Buck, Transition

SUMMER BARBECUE

The scent of charcoal cuts the air,
And gnaws persistently at my stomach,
The hot sun dessicates us relentlessly,
The gaudily-striped deckchairs bulging with bronzed bodies,
The tangy taste of the sausages in barbecue sauce,
The remaining food sizzling on the grill,
I hear a trickling as I pull my feet out of the water,
And collect up the plates.

Catherine Gyga, IIIH



"A Sussex Scene"

Aureol Bowerman, IIc

WEATHER

I like to hear the sound of rain,
When it hits the window pane.

I like to see the flakes of snow,
Up and down and round they go.

I like to lie and feel the sun,
While others play and sleep and run.

I like to see the stones of hail
Filling up the water pail.

I like to see the morning dew,
Your footprints seem to follow you.

Katie Cook, Transition

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

The garden shed is sprinkled with sparkling crystals of frost;
I pick out the first snowdrop nestling in the cold earth.
Two crows call across the garden in loud, gravelly voices;
The sound of cattle lumbering to their morning feed.
A blackbird struggles to find food in the hard ground.
The scent of Spring is strong in the morning air,
And the taste of fresh coldness in my mouth;
A freezing light breeze gently strokes my face.
I shiver in the cold morning air and I look forward to
Summer.

Helen Read, IIIH

SPRING FIELDS

The smell of the first spring celandines.
A newly-born lamb crying for its first milk.
Fresh green shoots growing on the branches above my
head.
The sound of birds protecting their newly-hatched chicks.
My face feels warmed by the gentle morning sun.
A gentle breeze blows at the pages of my book.
The sound of the brook close by me as it ripples over its
pebbly beds.
The fresh spring grass feels damp with dew.
Everything is quick except the newly-born and protective
mothers.

Rebecca Ridgway, IIIH

AUTUMN AFTERNOON

The smell of smoke from distant bonfires reaches my nose.
My feet are numbed with the coolness of the autumn air.
The birds chirp softly to one another;
The leaves swirl gently in the dust.
I turn to go into my room, brightly warmed by a log fire.

Rebecca Pearson-Gee, IIIH

WINTER ON THE SEA-SHORE

Walking along the beach with the wind whipping hair into
your face.
The crashing waves on the groins make a thunderous
sound,
With the cry of seagulls loud on the air.
Suddenly a barking dog runs snapping at a coming wave.
The sting of the salt sea breeze.
A piece of driftwood from the shore is pulled back into the
sea by a retreating wave.
The smell of fish distinct on the wind.

Ingrid Tonks, 3H

WINTER MORNING

The snow covers the rolling hills;
The leafless silver birch is covered by the delicate snow;
Sharp icicles point earthward from the shed roof;
Snowflakes fall silently from the cloud-filled sky;
Smooth ice covers the small duck-pond;
Birds search for food in the new white world.
This bright scene burns forever in my mind
As I watch from the warmth of a log fire.

Sarah Reade, 3H

SNOW

The snow has come but will it last,
It is falling like feathers fast.
It lays on the ground so quietly,
Like cotton wool sitting silently.
As I tread softly across the ground,
My boots make a crunchy sound.
I've just come in from the snow,
My feet and fingers are all aglow.
A hot drink is waiting for me,
A roaring fire and a lovely tea.

Emma Judd, Preparatory

COLD WEATHER

The sky is grey, the wind is cold,
The hungry birds are tame and bold,
There's ice beside the running river
Where the wagtails stand and shiver.
Frost climbs up each blade of grass,
And every puddle shines like glass;
The lane is powdered white with snow
And carefully the horses go
For fear they slip; within the fold
The little lambs are safe from cold,
And when we breathe, our breath comes out
Like steam from any kettle-spout!

Julia Greenall, Preparatory

ENCOUNTER WITH A TUDOR GHOST

There were a great many rooms in the Tudor mansion. The floors along the downstairs corridors were covered in rich ruby red carpet. The oak panelling on the walls was covered by a few oil paintings, some of which were faded by the sunlight entering the lead, lattice work windows. I walked towards the main stairs when suddenly I heard a crash, which in a mansion with no one else in it sounded deafening. I looked round quickly; the knight's armour had a sword propped up against it and I must have knocked it as I walked past. But I was sure I had walked on the other side of the corridor. I walked up the stairs, quickly giving a glance to see that the armour was still intact.

The upstairs corridor had been renovated a little; by the oak panelling in the corner was a large mahogany grandfather clock which seemed to have an exceptionally loud tick. I glanced at it as I walked past. Twenty to seven. There were four bedrooms upstairs, three on the wall facing the staircase and one which looked smaller than the rest at the end. I decided to investigate all four. The first three I looked over rather quickly. All were very much the same and all had been renovated.

Then I turned the key in the lock of the fourth little door at the end. This appeared strange to me; why were none of the others locked? I walked in, and to greet me there was an awful damp and musty smell which seemed to get onto my taste buds. This room was different from the rest; it looked as though it had not been touched since a Tudor Lord was in there. There was an uneasy solitary stillness. As I closed the door behind me, the candle on the marble mantelpiece quivered. There seemed to be some kind of darkness even though there were candles. Then the weirdest things of all began to happen. First of all the lattice window flew open. I ran over to close it, and looked out, there was no wind. Then the door swung open but no one was there. Or was there? I looked back through the corridor and noticed on the carpet slight indentations, footprints, too big to be mine. Something strange was happening.

Suddenly I jumped round with fear. I heard a shrill, piercing laugh, not like a normal voice at all—like that of a ghost! A cold terrifying shiver ran down my spine, my heart beating out of control. I charged out of the room and into the corridor. I ran straight into something with an unnatural feeling. I did not stop just ran straight on. I glanced at the clock, half past six, but how could it be? I sat panting at the bottom of the stairs, questions running through my mind; what was it I had run into? Why did the window and door open? and why had the clock lost time?

Had I gone back in time and met a Tudor Ghost?

Sarah Green, IIC

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW SIXTH FORM CENTRE

THE EXCAVATOR

As it digs and scoops,
The sturdy yellow giant—
Roars, as the scoops grind.

Victoria L. Davis, IP

It coughs alive
Spluttering as it delves
The day's work begins.

Heloise Royse, IP

A huge, metal beast
Savagely gulping the earth
As if for revenge.

Victoria Tink, IP

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Oh Cupid, hear my passioned plea—
Inflame a heart with love for me—
So that I may not look a fool
Among these Venuses at school
On Saturday,—you know the date—
The day on which a schoolgirl's fate
Depends on what the Postman brings;
A card with hearts and flow'rs and things.
It really breaks my heart, you know,
That I have not yet got a beau,
To send me roses, verses sweet,
And lay his heart beneath my feet.
But—to prove I'm not yet on the shelf . . .
I think I'll send my card myself.

Jane Hitchcock, LVI

'AND THEY DIDN'T LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER' THE BEST-MAN

People lie when they praise the virtues of truth. The quickest and best way to become unpopular is to be totally honest. The inability to tell a lie is a handicap, especially if one intends to embark on a life of crime.

Originally, Daniel had no inclinations either way. In a manner of speaking, it was forced upon him. He grew up in the '30s and on leaving school he was unemployed. He made his dreams out of darkness and nurtured the delights of make-believe. The present was bad enough, so how could he look forward to a future? Unfortunately, his parents were tarred, and even feathered, with Victoria's brush, which made him into an honest criminal.

When he was not at school he was in other forms of trouble. When questioned about a stolen dust-bin, he asked whether it was empty or full; about a shirt, he said he was wearing it and when a question was raised about a tin of soup missing from the corner shop, he replied that he wished he had chosen another brand because it contained a dead fly and, what was more to the point, the insect had one leg missing. Therefore, Daniel spent most of his formative life in prison. As he grew older, what a change he found in that cherished establishment and he grew to like it; he had three square meals a day, his clothes were laundered for him and there was colour television, which he did not have in his one room off the Old Kent Road. This liking for prison proved his undoing.

Daniel was in his middle fifties when the woman from the welfare visited him. It was breakfast time and he was crunching a clod of porridge off his spoon. She was a squat woman with a sour mouth and wooden teeth. She was as fat as a prize gammon sow and lacked the ability to realise how happy and content he was, so she set about saving his soul. She took away the fun from life and substituted the ugly realities of strife and income tax.

A job was obtained for him in the local factory, she supervised all his wakeful hours and she hand-picked all his companions who were 'do-gooders' who did, for him, absolutely no good at all. The only true friend he had was a

misfit, a stray mongrel that no one else wanted or needed. She didn't approve but allowed him to feed it.

In an ideal world he would have returned to a life of crime, but the first stirrings of love had embraced his soul. The dog needed him and he couldn't desert the soft, brown eyes and cold nose that eagerly awaited his return hour at night. Unfortunately the woman from the Welfare mistook the love he had for the dog, she thought it was directed at her and asked him outright if he thought marriage a desirable institution; so for the first time in his life, and to appease her, he lied, and the pleasure bestowed by that single lie more than outweighed his intellectual obsession with the truth. The following day the sixty-year-old spinster arranged the marriage.

Daniel took advice from the Prison Chaplain. He was a man who went for peace and quiet, even more for neat spirits and who wished a few more unlaw-abiding citizens off his hands; so he told Daniel there was nothing more to marriage than turning up at the church with the best-man.

The wedding day dawned, clear and bright, and the bride was there in white, which was probably justified, taking all previous circumstances into account. The ceremony ran its usual course and the bride closed her eyes in sheer ecstasy as the ring was to be put on her finger. It was fortunate for her, but not for him, that she didn't open them. A long, low whistle from Daniel and through the church door appeared the dog, who ran down the nave carrying a plain, gold band firmly in his teeth. Before she opened her hooded lids, the ring was tightly on her left hand.

As Daniel explained afterwards, the best-man must be your best friend and, besides, he loved his dog more than anyone else in the world. Needless to say, they did not live happily ever after.

Francesca Rymer, VF

BEGINNING AND END

Shining in the shimmering moonlight
The stream slid over gravel
Leaves stirred in scented summer air
And love was rich and innocent
And you were there.

Trickling over its stony bed
Glinting grey in fading moonbeams,
The stream whips old leaves under the bridge and away,
Glacial water falls, sharp scented with autumn
And there dawns another day.

Jane Hitchcock, LVI

I REMEMBER

I remember in Canada at my first pre-school we all planted Mexican Hat plants. We sat round a table with little pots of earth and the teacher handed us the baby plants. When we came to live in England, Mummy brought some baby plants in a plastic bag in the plane. Whenever we move house we take some baby plants with us. I was about three and a half to four when I planted the first one. The plant which we have in the kitchen now is probably the great-great-grandchild of the one I planted originally.

I can remember my first two hamsters, Linda and Jason. Linda was a peachy colour and Jason was black. Jason had a little house in his cage, on which he would fall asleep. He would topple off the roof when he was asleep! Linda was

very gentle and when I picked her up she would fall asleep in my hands. When I read my book in the mornings, she would fall asleep on my tummy!

I can remember my first canter. I was put on a horse called Marti. The teacher put on a leading rope and asked me to do a sitting trot. I did, and then she said "Squeeze for the canter." He cantered and I can remember that it was awfully bumpy. I lost a stirrup iron and shouted "Stop!" The teacher asked me why I had shouted and I said it was because I was frightened. It's all right now because I can canter!

Rosalind Greenwood, Transition

THE ORDINARY THINGS IN LIFE WHICH I LOVE

I love the sudden gust of wind that twirls many colourful autumn leaves, and to walk through a thick mass of them listening to the crisp sounds as some of them break, and the unusual rustle others make as I dislodge them with my feet. The smell of a burning bonfire, the sound of the brittle twigs cracking as they burn upon it and the sight of the greyish smoke as it twists and twirls upwards into the gloomy sky fascinate me.

On frosty mornings I love the crunching sound of the straight, frosted blades of grass as they move beneath my feet, and all the footprints which are left behind to decorate the lawn. I look forward to relaxing in a hot bath with many foaming bubbles as the night grows colder.

I find it pleasant to feel the soft, green moss growing on gnarled logs in woods and my Himalayan rabbit's fur, and the handling of pastry, plasticine and clay always gives me a feeling of satisfaction. I enjoy also the feel of smooth pebbles and of a freshly ironed sheet on my bed.

I love the taste of hot, newly-baked buns and crisp, brown toast with an appetising layer of melted butter and a piece of cheese on top. The smart appearance of our trolley containing the Sunday tea, with delicate, floral cups and saucers, slices of buttered baguette, thick, whipped cream and strawberry jam is delightful.

I like the smell of leather, paint, Bovril and oranges. The fragrance of roses and pine trees make me feel calm and refreshed.

I enjoy watching the sun setting behind the Downs and the appearance of the tranquil moon and twinkling stars in the dark, night sky. At the close of every day I like best of all Mummy's company, her kind loving words and kiss as she says good night.

Karen Bowerman, IIIH

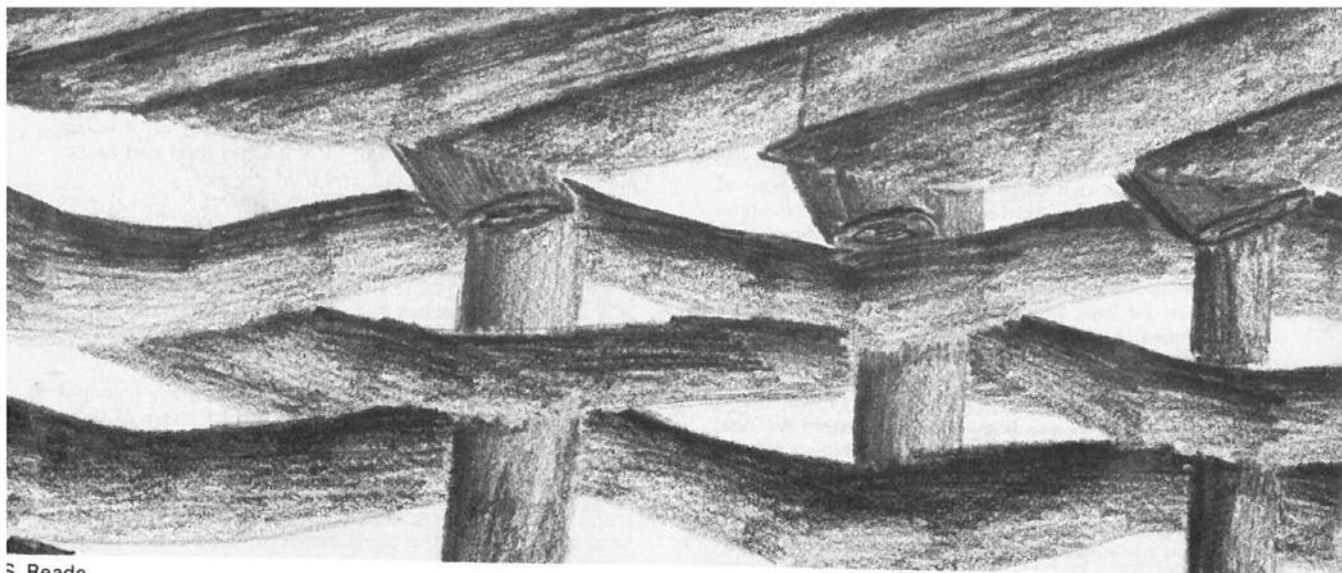
A KITTEN, SMALL

A Kitten, sweet, very small with soft white fur,
A Kitten, dumped in the cold white snow,
A Kitten cries, hoping for his owner,
He hears but does not care.

An old man hears. He would like a Kitten
But he lives in a block of flats.
A housewife hears the Kitten
But she has a baby and Kittens scratch.

Two children hear a snowy-white Kitten
Their house is big and warm
With a large garden
So they pick it up and take it home.

Jane Bernstein, IP



5. Reade

WINTER SPORTS

From the overhead cable car the skiers looked like tiny ants making their way down an anthill. Only the brightly-coloured hats and skis prevented this illusion from seeming wholly real. A tense moment struck us all when the cable car ground to a halt and swung precariously backwards and forwards. The door was opened and an eager, indefatigable crowd seeped out, until the interior of the cable car was left unclaustrophobic, hollow and quiet once more.

As I stepped into this different world, I gazed across the miles in this panoramic view; the hazy blue tinge of the tips of the mountains and the subtle greyness of the sky contrasted with the white world I was in, and it made me feel as if this was heaven indeed. Chilled for a moment I wrapped myself up in my coat, sealing in the warmth, and a few apprehensive fears accumulated.

The slalom course ahead of me, despite the scenery, seemed menacing as a dark cloud shadowed over. A throng of people were waiting, necks were being strained and a loudspeaker echoed noisily above my already-loud heartbeat. I awaited my turn with hope, fear and coldness. It came, and with a quick crunch the icy snow beneath me seemed like an enemy. The air was cold and I could feel its icy fingers whipping through my hair and chilling my face until my jaw ached from the utter bitterness. I bent my legs and tried to keep my skis as parallel as I could. I was stiff and tense and the course seemed like a never-ending motorway; there was no time to stop, no time to think. I began to get up a rhythm, weaving in and out, like a needle and thread sewing a complicated stitch. I could see the finish; masses of coloured objects were crowded around it, shouting encouragement. They were people, I could see now. I began to increase my speed. Faster and faster I went, barely making it round the poles. I could not lessen it now. My sticks were gripped tightly in my fists and I relied on them heavily as I turned corner after corner dodging bumps and thick, uneven snow. My speeding skis sliced the snow as easily as cutting butter, and sent it flying into the air so that it looked like a blizzard. Shapes passed quickly by me. I caught glimpses of trees flashing past, green firs sped past, and as I came into the home straits I felt triumphant and

more relaxed. I had only one more bend to traverse. But it was a sharp bend and I took it badly and went flying head over heels, both skis coming sharply off both feet. The snow was icy cold, and I could hear groans from the crowd. I lay there and pangs of self-pity and disappointment hit me. I had lost the race now and as I opened my eyes I lifted them gently towards the sky. The subtle greyness had slowly disappeared and soft white flakes sauntered down from the hazy heaven above me.

Catherine Mellor, IVD

AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

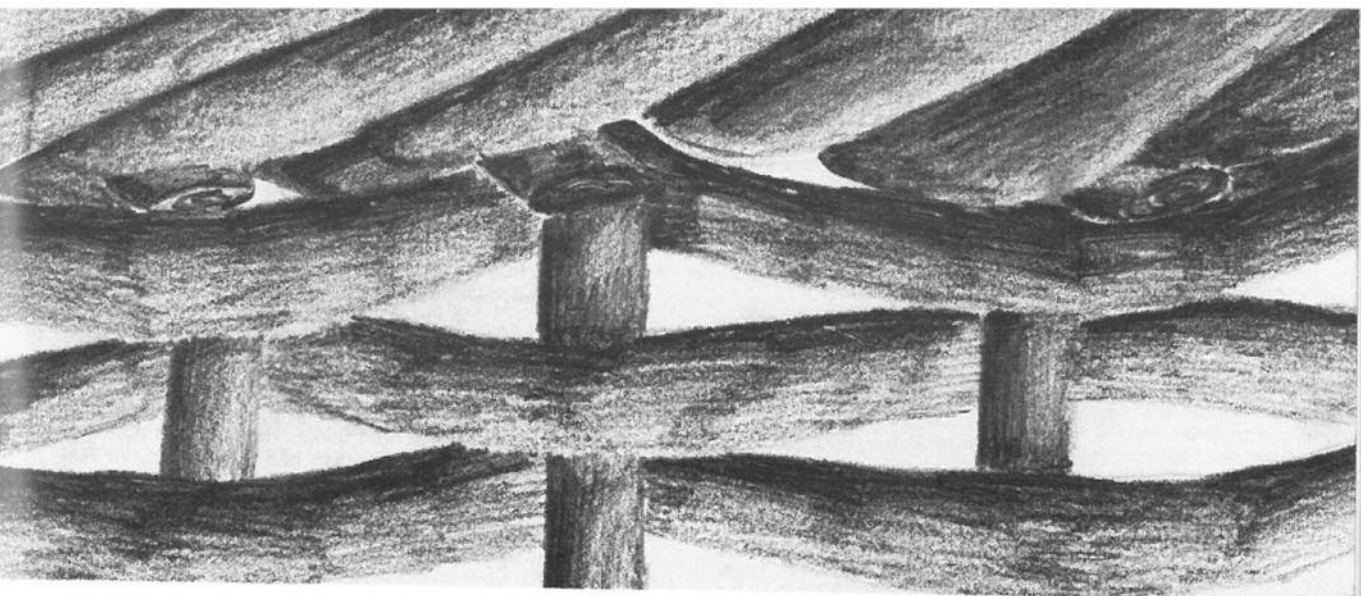
The moonlight shone on her face, waking her. She flung back the bed covers and walked to the window. It was Hallowe'en and she shivered as she remembered. Then a voice said "Jane?" She started. "I'm not Jane," she said. "Who are you then?" The voice was urgent. "Tell me!" The girl stammered "I'm Janet."

"I have waited all my life," said the voice "for you." A shadow then glided across to her and suddenly became menacing. "You will do as I say!" It then walked towards the window. Janet followed.

With a flash they spun into the sky; bright sparks falling from them. Far below, Janet could see Hump Hill; a fire was on it and dark figures waited. She was falling, down, down, and landed in a circle of light. A man stood near to the fire, dressed in thick black robes. His face was as pale as death and his hands were like claws.

"You have brought a good sacrifice Brother, very good. You shall feast on child flesh." He was even more horrific when he smiled. "It will begin!" an old woman cried. People began dancing around her, howling and laughing with glee. The man in the black robes raised a knife and was about to plunge it into her heart when a cock crew. Too late, too late ... they cried. The sun rose and she was standing on Hump Hill alone ...

Amanda Tucker, Transition



THE SHIP

The ship was sailing on the sea,
Alone, as lone as lone can be.

Its lonely bows they creaked with dread,
As they thought of the storms ahead.

The sharks had gathered round about,
In case the sailors might jump out.

They thought the ship would surely sink,
So they all watched without a blink.

The lightning flashed, the night seemed long.
But in the morn that storm was gone.

Although the sailors were afraid,
The little ship was not mislaid.

The ship was still upon the sea,
And now its bows just creaked with glee.

The sharks all quickly swam away,
Under the sea where fishes lay.

Freya Rowe, Transition

BOREDOM

I'm tired of being bored, she thought, as she paced restlessly up and down her spacious room.

"I'm bored of all this; how stupid I was not to have realised it before," she thought as she continued walking, her neat little feet making no sound at all upon the soft floor, except for a slight 'swish-swish'. The door of her room opened.

"Darling! Here is your lunch ... there. I've put it where you can see it ... It's your favourite today, so eat it all up, like a good little girl"—the heavily rouged face bent close—"and then after lunch, Mummy will take you out for some exercise, which you'll enjoy, I know ... but you must eat up your lunch first, or Mummy will be cross, very cross, do you understand? Of course you understand ... every word that Mummy says, don't you, sweetheart?"

She stared up at the heavy face as it gazed adoringly at her.

"Yes, I understand very well, 'Mummy'," she thought. "Why do you imagine that you're being kind and good? It's cruel keeping me in this room (more like a prison cell in my opinion) with only an occasional glimpse of the world! I'm bored, restless; there's no one to talk to (save my reflection in the mirror) and nothing to do. I have to escape, away from here—anywhere. Somewhere where the air is clean and pure, and everything is free, free as ... as a bird!" So carried away was she, that she let out a muffled squeak. Mrs. Arnold ('Mummy') turned round as quickly as her heavy body would allow her. Odd ... the little thing hadn't made a sound ever since she came back ... well, it didn't matter now particularly, at least her little baby was not entirely deaf or dumb. Mrs. Arnold left the room, shutting the door thoughtfully behind her.

Her lunch conscientiously eaten, she gazed out of the window and over the rooftops of the city, and further out, until the sky seemed to arch over the greyness like some sort of blue, ethereal dome. A starling gave a harsh cry as it swooped past the double-glazing, brushing it lightly with its wing-tip, and startling her out of her reverie. Boredom. She had never realised it until today. If boredom was suffering in an existence that offered no stimulation or change to the body and soul in which everything was dull and tedious, then boredom was practically her life story!

"Darling", the fruity voice came wafting across the room, "time for your exercise ... I'll just open the door for you ... Oh! what's that? The front door bell? Well, I never! Now you stay here my darling and don't go out of this room, while Mummy answers it."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Arnold ushered a man back into the room.

"Now just stay right here, while I fetch you a drink, Edward," said Mrs. Arnold, and Edward surveyed the room.

"Good Lord, it's stuffy in here," he muttered. "I'll just open the window." As he did so, he noticed something.

"Silly to keep a cage with no bird in it ... Wait a minute. The door is open, which means the bird must be in this room somewhere! The window!" He was too late. With a flurry of feathers, she flew out into the world.

Catharine Snow, IIC, 1980

THE MOUSE

Oh you dear little mouse,
You nibble all day,
With the cheese in the larder,
You won't go away.

Please little mouse,
Do go away,
The cheese is my supper,
For another day.

Dear little mouse,
Take my advice,
Go to the country
To meet other mice.

Louise Potter, Preparatory

ANOTHER LADY WITH THE LAMP

"Please Nicky will you take the lamp?"

"I don't think I could manage," I replied.

"Oh, but you must, there's no one else."

Reluctantly I agreed and after clothing myself with half my wardrobe, ventured outside. Within seconds I had stepped into an entirely different world; the winter's night was intensely cold, deathly quiet and moonlit. Either side of me crouched two burly figures encased in camouflage outfit, with guns at the ready for the kill. The Land Rover roared on through the night, bouncing over the Downs, tension mounting. Suddenly two green lights shone in the beam of my powerful lamp, but as we sped nearer, not one but two foxes stole menacingly into the night. Further on a lumbering badger shuffled into the bushes and later a speedy hare flashed past.

"There's one!" "To the left!" "Faster!" Shots rang out on all sides as we dashed recklessly in every direction. The chase was on! Clinging on for dear life I scanned the countryside for more victims who were fleeing for their lives, desperate for cover. I was elated with my power and domination as the Lady with the Lamp. Later we returned to earth, knee deep in dead rabbits with a successful night shoot behind us. Rabbit pie tomorrow?

Nicola Currie, LVI

SHOOTING

One day going shooting with my father,
Remembering the walk through the woods
And the sorrow I felt.

Our dog went ahead with a trail,
But I waited behind in the closing-in dusk.
At the edge of the wood was a sound
I thought it was our dog,
Then looked closely and saw a rabbit.

I started to call, "Daddy!"
Then stopped and looked
In sorrow for this poor little yearling,
Wide, staring eyes.

I shooed it back where it came from
And never told anyone.
He could have been caught by someone else
But I knew it would not have been my father.

Susannah Aylin, IJJ

THE OLD MAN AND THE KITTEN

Once upon a time, and not such a very long time at that, the old man sat outside the kitchen door of his faded, blue-washed cottage; his face a labyrinth of age. His scrawny frame was held together with skin of parchment, but the deeply-set, hooded eyes were, nevertheless, still as bright and sharp as the wild birds that purloined the fruit from his trees.

Had he been younger he would, no doubt, have frightened them away, or at least that is what he thought he would have done, but his memory had deserted him and now he cared deeply and, what is more to the point, he cared deeply about the right things. He was born that way and therefore it did not astonish him and he did not feel guilty. When people chided him for letting wild rabbits consume his cabbages and the fox his chicken, he would reply,

"It's not what you've lost that's important, it's what you have left."

To be so gentle and understanding, wise in the extremity, requires toughness, and in this the old man was not lacking. He hated the messy way people conducted their lives, the mindless vandalism and lust for blood and the intolerance, but most of all he abhorred the crushing humiliation and deprivation of rights that humans, with bird-like brains, inflicted on the little things that made up the universe. The birds, with their fine plumage, the old and frail with lived-in faces, the first stirrings of nature,—brief moments of happiness whisked away by a callous remark and the little human odds and ends, so much in need of human care.

The kitten had moved in with him a month before. It was black as night with eyes like amber traffic-lights, all paws, tail and whiskers with very little to hold them together. At first it was timid and would skulk under the laburnum tree, but when it realised that the old man did not possess a mind small, mean and nasty, it grew steadily on food and affection. Together they would sit, side by side, sometimes dozing and sometimes communing with each other until the sun's rays had lost their potency and then the kitten would reward the old man by prancing and dancing, chasing imaginary butterflies, stalking unseen birds, rolling, cavorting, stimulating his memory of a youth that could only dimly be remembered.

The noise was first apparent to the kitten, who ventured out of the front gate. Nothing could be seen, for the hedgerows were pressing forward at each side of the lane, stretching out flaccid fingers to touch each other. It grew louder, the trees shivered and the birds screamed and then it was upon them and gone, a grey, metallic beast, thrusting and heaving its way, a speed-obsessed driver at the helm.

In its wake the kitten lay dead.

They took it to the old man and laid it on his lap, waiting and wondering. He stroked its lifeless body and, looking up, said,

"Still, it's a lovely day".

He got up and went inside.

From the sky, he thought, cars driven by man are but only little things; still, all will be remembered when the stars look down.

Francesca Rymer, IVP, 1980

WHERE DARWIN WENT WRONG

Everybody tends to regard evolution as progress. I quite agree, I'm all for evolution, but one mistake, which has cost a lot to mankind, has been committed. Rather than developing something we need, like an arm long enough to scratch that certain itchy area in the middle of your back, someone made a mistake and ruined something we needed. Something that would have offered our hand more freedom, and flies more trouble... Now that you are all agog to know what it is (and if not, then you should be), I'll come to an end: it is, quite simply, the 'slender prolongation or appendage of a body.' You don't understand? What I mean to say is, 'What a pity that, somewhere along the line of progress, we lost the tail.'

No, I'm serious, if you think that tails are only for swinging off branches or swishing away flies, then I'm sorry but you're wrong. There is more to the tail than that! For a start, think of the whole slice of culture we missed. Paintings, sculptures, photographs and photocopies of tails, Tales of tails (groan!) and music: The Beatles, 'I want to hold your tail' and John Lennon, 'Imagine there are no tails', and Fashion, one could have assorted tail sleeves—long, puffed, lace, nylon! and the hairdresser's benefits: red-bottom (as opposed to red-head), sultry brunettes, cool blondes, and curled fur, straight fur, permed fur, fur in a chignon, etc.

What about staring dreamily out into the warm dying sun spreading its pink glow over the turquoise sea, reciting poetry to your loved ones and... holding tails.

Mothers could hold baby in one hand, laundry in other hand and shopping with the tail.

Business men could sign cheques, answer the phone, nod their head to someone and shake their tail to someone else simultaneously.

All in all, it was one of the world's greatest calamities, to be compared with the world wars, atomic bombs, the French Revolution, Mars bars shortages and cold rice pudding—the loss of the tail. It might have changed history. I mean, the Charge of the Light Brigade might never have happened. Don't ask me what the tail has to do with it... how should I know? History is not one of my strong subjects.

Laila Abdalla, LVI

A PIRATE

Out at sea, Captain Pegleg was as usual pacing the deck of his ship, The Bounty. On top of the mast the skull and crossbones flag waved in the breeze. This was a pirate ship.

The captain was shouting and swearing, in his gruff voice, at his men. Captain Pegleg was in a bad mood because he hadn't seen any treasure ships for many days. His face was so ugly that even his men were afraid of him. His hair was long and tied back with a piece of cord. On his head he wore a three-cornered hat. During one of his battles he had lost an eye, so he wore an eye patch. In his ear he wore a large golden ear-ring. You couldn't see much of his chin because of a long, black, curly beard. Most of his teeth were a rotten black and some of them were missing.

Captain Pegleg had many clothes which he had stolen from other ships. He wore a big black jacket with gold buttons. Round his waist he had a gold, buckled belt. His trousers came just below the knees and he had some

striped socks. During another battle he had lost a leg so now he had a peg leg and a wooden crutch to help him along. On his foot he wore a buckled shoe.

He wore a sword and pistol at his side to help him in battles.

Katie Cook, Transition

THE TRAMP

One day when I was walking down the street I saw a tramp across the road. He had an old hat with holes in it, and there was straw falling out of the holes. He had a torn coat, thick with mud and dirt. Underneath his coat was a dirty old moth-eaten waistcoat, with a shirt hanging out underneath the waistcoat. He had ragged old trousers torn and mucky. As for his shoes they were a pair of dirty boots, and the soles were loose; to keep them on he had tied string around them. He was pushing an old pram with old dirty, torn clothes in it and two pairs of shoes. Also there were two sacks in it, which contained all his other belongings; everything he had in this world was in this pram and in his bulging pockets.

He was an old man and his eyes were sagging and his hair was long, white, grey and dirty. His face had lots of wrinkles and scratches on it. He wore a pair of gloves with holes here and there.

Despite his appearance his face was kind and I knew that although he looked rough and dirty he had chosen to live this way, free of all the things which we think are necessary, such as houses and cars.

I went across the road and said "Hello" to him, and he said "Hello" to me and smiled.

Mary Blee, Transition

ON MY WAY HOME

The school bus stops at the usual place,
I get off and start to run home.

"Bye!"

"Oh, bye Linda!", pausing a moment,

Then, on,

On past the traffic lights,

(There are always queues there).

In front of the Baker that mum always goes to,

Then,

Suddenly,

Brakes screech!

I stop.

What's happened?

Now,

I see a commotion

At the junction,

I run faster,

Nearly there!

A man.

An old man,

Injured.

He sits on a chair at the side of the road,

Blood,

Trickling from his face.

"Call the ambulance!"
 "No, they're on strike!"
 What should be done?
 Nobody knows.
 "Poor man."
 "Should have used the 'zebra'."

Can't stay,
 I have to get home,
 Mum will be waiting for me!
 What will happen?
 I'll never know,
 I'm going home,
 My hot-buttered-toast will be ready!

Jennifer Brettell, IJ

EXPLORING THE CELLAR

One day I decided to explore the cellar. I took the key off the rack and went to the cellar door. The lock was very rusty, so I found some oil. After a long struggle the door swung open with a loud creak. It was dark in the cellar and there was no light, so I asked Dad for a torch.

As I stepped on to the top step of the stone steps, to go down into the cellar I heard a scuttling noise in front of me. I shone my torch on the area where the noise had come from, and I was just in time to see a little white mouse run behind some dusty old packing trunks.

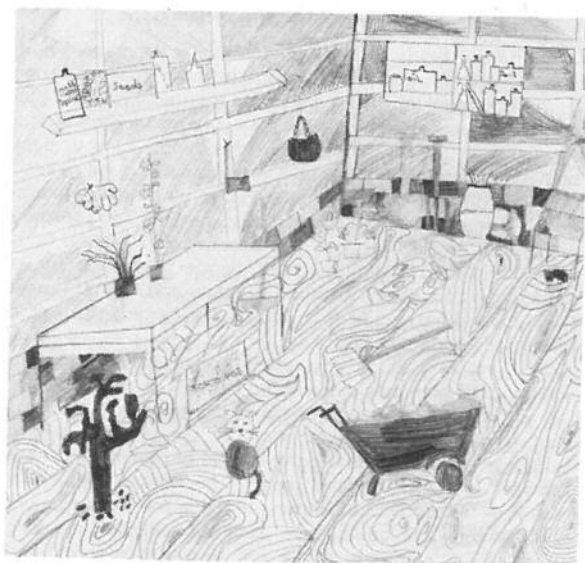
It smelt musty in the dark cellar and was very dusty. I started to rummage about in some old boxes, but they were so old that when I touched them they turned to dust. I found an old go-cart that had belonged to my father when he was a boy. I wheeled it out of its corner and sat on it. Immediately it collapsed; the wheels rolled off in every direction, the brake handle fell off and disturbed a family of spiders who scuttled off quickly. I began to cough because of all the dust. Then I discovered an old doll's pram. I wheeled it into the middle of the room. Inside was a beautiful hand-carved wooden doll with a frilly lace dress on it. I didn't dare touch her though, in case she crumbled into dust too. I was having a glorious time discovering all these things; I discovered an old tin cash register where you pressed the numbers and it told the price at the top, and in the till were some old coins. There was an old clock, a minute doll to go in the doll's house I found and three bottles of wine labelled 1963. Then Mum called me for dinner. I carried the doll's pram up the steps and when I put it down on the carpet a large cloud of dust flew into the air and settled on the carpet. I locked the door, put the key on the rack and wheeled the doll into Mum and Dad. Dad told me it had been his sister's favourite doll and that she had called her Daisy. Then I washed my hands and sat down to dinner.

Alison Cox, Transition

FIREWORKS

The darkness is lit by a bright white light,
 And shooting stars of red and green,
 Fountains of gold blow in the wind,
 And spinning wheels whirl and whine.
 Yellow flames leap and dance,
 With crackles and sparks and bangs,
 Then come the traffic lights spouting their colours.
 The choking grey smoke hurts your eyes and mouth,
 And the night is silent and black again.

Katy Prater, IIC



Cassandra Hosh, Trans.

THE EMPTY SCHOOL

'St. Gails, founded 1813', the stone plaque above the front door had cracked owing to the weather. The loose fragments would soon be carried away when the next storm arose.

'St. Gails closed 1980' so the papers had read. I had been astonished and bewildered. It had never occurred to me that because of the country's problems, St. Gails, the school I had grown to love after eight years as a pupil, was to close down. I had become forlorn and felt empty inside and decided to pay my last respects before it was sold or demolished.

As I climbed the old stone steps, chippings broke loose and tumbled to the bottom step. The rusty iron bell-pull hung loose, spiders had made their homes among the small detailed decoration of the bell-pull. The wooden panelled door creaked from its own weight and rusting hinges.

The school was empty, empty of everything, no furniture, no children screaming down corridors, filing into lunch, excited to be going home. The corridors echoed, the stairs creaked, the banisters squeaked. The old desolate classroom never had looked so big, never had looked so empty. A broken desk stood lost and lonely in the corner, woodworm eating its way in. An old piece of paper with 'Philip loves Anita' lay inside the empty, hungry stomach of the desk. Its outside had been thoughtlessly inscribed with drawings, names and ink stains. The ink-well was filled with pencil shavings, dirt and dust.

The library was bare, the shelves lay naked, the plaster from the wall was crumbling, lying strewn on the old well-worn floorboards. They squeaked and creaked, a nail missing here, a nail missing there. One old nineteenth century book sprawled itself under a shelf, hiding, refusing to leave its old library. Pages were torn, pages were ageing, the binding was loose, the inscription faded.

The forbidden staff-room was cold and big, a damp feeling swept across the room. Cigarette ends lay on the

blackboard ledge, cigarette ash on the faded tiles. A piece of chalk lay by the window, damp and crumbling. Tearful and dying, the old tabby cat with its sagging skin, decaying teeth, swollen eyes, had been left on an old thread-bare chapel cushion.

A dripping tap stained the basin, wind whistled through the water pipes. A broken pane of glass in a classroom door stood erect and harmfully waiting for a victim.

The kitchen larder was full of empty cardboard boxes; a mouse shuffled its family behind a box into a safe corner where bread crumbs, stale and moulding awaited them.

The garden was a mess. The grass had become overgrown and now swayed in the breeze. The plants were all dying from the lack of sun and lack of gaiety bustling around them. There were no more children to pick them or no more gardeners to take care of each and every one of them. The trees waited for life and through the wind they called the happy active life back to them. A family of moles had begun research around the garden, a mysterious garden all to themselves and they began making their new homes. Most of the birds had moved on but others stayed in the roof's shelter and in the old garden house. Weeds, submerged here and there, wound themselves around other plants only to strangle them and to end their short-lived lives.

The school was closed, most definitely closed, and now that the children had gone, wildlife and musty objects had made their entrance.

Melissa Royle, IVD

MOTIONS

Slow steps
moving noiselessly,
gliding silently;
walking,
moving,
feeling,
breathing,
seeing,
caring,
understanding,
then silence—
just heartbeats.

Jo Dwyer, LVI

HAPPY DAYS

To hear a carefree child exult
Throughout the working days of ult.
Was tough, for then we groaned and winced
To pass exams in early inst.
We dreamed of tearing off our socks
To lie in pools of sun in prox.

One would have thought we were a cult
Of swotting maniacs in ult.
(Except for those whose hopes were minced
When facing G.C.E.'s in inst.)
But please, O time, don't speed the clocks,
Results are coming through in prox!

Jane Hitchcock, LVI

(with apologies to Alan Patrick Herbert).

THE APPROACH OF WINTER

It was morning. The man sat there, hunched down into his coat, his hands in his pockets. He sat there, day after day, on the bench outside the 'President Leonid Brezhnev Imperial Museum of History.' Later, after everyone else had left the sector, he would hurry home just before curfew. Nobody knew where he lived. Nobody really cared. After all, one only had to look him up in the records, but nobody knew his name. He carried no identity tag with his name, and even if anyone had bothered to look him up in the country's records they would have had a surprise, because he was not listed. In the eyes of Imperialist Soviet America, he was a nobody, he did not exist.

His real name was Peter Alissander Andrews, but nobody ever used those names any more. Special names, chosen by the Soviet, were given to the old American people, who, after having been invaded by Russia following the Third World War, lived a cheerless, disciplined and meaningless existence. They obeyed without question everything they were told to do, they never complained, never laughed and never cried. Their life, following the surprise nuclear attack of new, untraceable Russian warheads, which had left many dead and countless wounded, was one long stream of secret police, special passes, no privacy and regimentation. It was like a book, only horribly real. But one fish had slipped through the net, and his name was Peter Alissander Andrews.

Summer had come late that year to Washington, or Sienzechew, as it was now called. It had come and gone all too rapidly, and the man missed the sun, and the flowers, and the sound of birds in song. He missed the smell of freshly-cut grass, and the air of laziness and relaxation which he always felt at that time. There had been other things too, before the war, tennis tournaments and sipping iced drinks beside a swimming pool. But now that had all gone, for winter had set in. It was going to be a hard winter, he could feel it. Maybe there would be snow? He remembered the times that he had played in the snow as a child. But it hurt him to remember things, he preferred just to sit there and watch the seasons slip by.

So the weeks passed, and the man sat there on the bench, watching the scenery change as the winter set in. He had been right in his predictions, for in October there was a sharp frost that left everything glistening silver. Then the days began to get colder, and the air was cold and sharp. The man would sit there, wrapped up warmly in his coat, chuckling as he remembered the winters of his childhood when it did not hurt him to remember. He was very sick, and the people walking by thought him mad, but he did not care.

It was so cold now that when he blew out of his mouth he could see his warm breath rising as if miraculously turned to steam. His fingers and toes were numb and cold, and his skin white and pale, but he hardly noticed.

Two robins had come that day; it was a rare sight, for one did not often see them in the cities, usually sparrows were the most common to be seen. The man remembered Christmas cards, with pictures of robins foraging for food in the snow. He wondered if the snows would come, and remembered putting out crumbs for the birds as a child.

Sure enough the snows did come, and transformed the dirty city, which was slowly being rebuilt after the holocaust. Everything was the purest white, even the trees,

which had before been stark and bare after having lost their leaves.

The robins came back, along with the sparrows, pecking here and there among the snow in search of food. The man brought a bag of crumbs, and watched in glee as the birds ate. He was so ill now that it was an effort to make it back to his shack each night. But it was so beautiful, and soon Christmas would be coming.

But for Imperialist Soviet America that year, there was no Christmas. There were no carols or Christmas trees, and no church services, for all the churches had been closed by the Soviet. Christmas for many was but a memory.

The man sat there outside the museum on his bench. It was Christmas day that day, he could feel it. But no church bells rang, and the people hurrying to work were just as unsmiling as ever. He wondered why, then remembered that everything was different now. He shook his head. Then he suddenly caught sight of the young man, making his way slowly along the pavement on the other side of the road. It mattered little to the man on the bench that the man he was watching was a Soviet worker. By now he had ceased to love or hate, and besides, he hardly noticed the man's uniform. In fact he was not looking at the man at all, only at what he was carrying. It was small, but instantly, recognisable. It was a Christmas tree.

The man on the bench struggled to his feet, and slowly, almost drunkenly lurched across the road towards the worker. He had almost reached the other man, when he heard the shouts. It was a Soviet police patrol. Although the effort needed was almost beyond him, the man summoned up every ounce of strength and began to run. He ran and ran, until he had caught up with the young worker, who was now some distance ahead. He reached out, to the surprise of the worker, and touched the Christmas tree. It was all that he had wanted to do. All the memories of childhood came flooding back as he stood there. But the effort had been too much and slowly almost reluctantly, the man collapsed into the snow.

By the time the police patrol had caught up, and the worker, whose name was Johanich Shapiznev, had recovered, the man was already dead. The patrol began to fire questions at Shapiznev. The young man shrugged his shoulders. He had been on his way to the President's house to replace one of the fir trees that lined the drive. No, he did not know the man, or what he was trying to do. He had seen him before, he used to sit outside the museum, and some said he was mad.

Soon, through the sharp cold air, there came the long, moaning wail of an ambulance. They loaded the dead man into the back, and drove off. Only the imprint that his body had left in the snow remained as a witness that Peter Alissander Andrews, a man whose mind had refused to accept Soviet doctrine and who had been driven insane as a result, had ever existed. The approach of winter had truly marked the end of his tragic life.

Janine Launchbury, IVD

A WOMAN'S PLACE

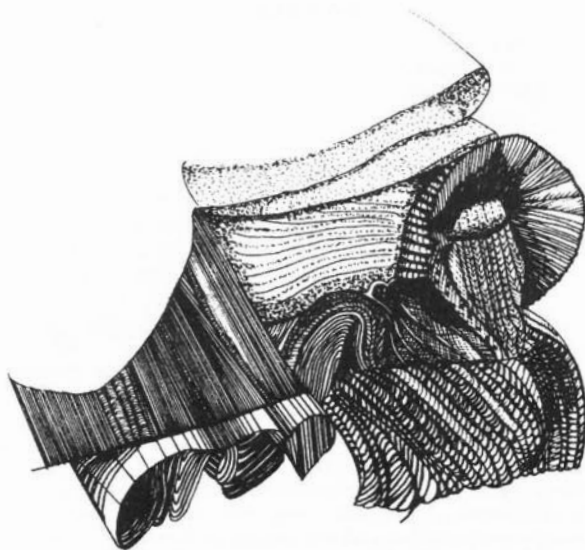
This situation seems perfectly obvious to me: women stay at home, cook, wash and generally look after their husbands whilst they go out to work each day, as the head of the house, to earn the money. After all, it's been like that

for centuries. Beats me why they want to start messing around with things now. All of a sudden they've decided they want to do all the things that men should do. Women seem to have wormed their way in all over the place, they're trying their hand at being doctors, dentists, lawyers and bus drivers—I ask you, have you ever seen a woman who could drive an ordinary car properly, let alone a double-decker bus? They weave about all over the road looking into the rear-view mirror to make sure that their lipstick hasn't smudged. You'd think by now they would have realised that they just haven't got the same mental or physical capabilities as a man.

This mania for equality has even affected my wife. She says that I don't spend enough time with her—I don't know what she's talking about. Every Saturday I play a game of Ludo with her in between my drink at the pub and watching the football on the T.V. I'm sure she's been getting ideas from her friend, she's pretty keen on this women's lib business, she's got a nine-to-five job in the city while her husband does the housework and looks after the children.

The housewives today don't seem to realise just how lucky they are, with all the modern gadgets; they simply wash a few dishes, flick a duster round the house, grab a few tins of food from the local shop occasionally and the rest of the day's their own. My wife says I don't realise how monotonous the same old routine can become. It's strange, I thought she loved just cooking my meals and warming my slippers for me every day. No, I really don't understand this Women's Liberation Movement.

Ruth Belson, LVI



Emma Fletcher, LVI

The School Caterer, Mr. J. M. Thomason, is prepared to cater for weddings, receptions of any kinds and parties at St. Mary's Hall during school holidays. He has produced a brochure and will discuss catering requirements with any parents, or their friends, who are interested. Tel. No. (evenings) Brighton 24355.



St Mary's Hall 1836



View of St Mary's Hall 1979

ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

No. 82



March, 1981

Association Committee

President and Chairman
Vice-Chairman
Vice-Presidents

also the Old Girl Governors of the School

Hon. Secretary
Hon. Treasurer
Hon. Editor

Mrs. E. O. Leslie, M.A.
Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E.
Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott)
Miss Conrady
Miss Davies
Mrs. Conroy (U. Trott)
Miss A. Baron
Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E.
Mrs. Broadley
Mrs. Davidson (J. Wilberforce)
To be appointed
The Bursar of the School
Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman)

Also Miss M. Ellis, Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Miss S. Jantuah, Miss P. Poyser, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers) and the present Head Girl of the School.

EDITORIAL

Members will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Leslie has decided to retire at the end of this School year. She has been President and Chairman of this Association since 1973 and it has always been a pleasure to work under her on the Committee, when she has made our meetings friendly and happy occasions. She has done a great deal for the School, improving the facilities and achieving very high academic results, as well as keeping the Association on its feet and, in particular, was the inspiration behind the Old Girls' Supper, which proved to be an extremely successful and enjoyable event.

We thank Mrs. Leslie for all her hard work and wish her well in her much deserved retirement. At the same time, we hope sincerely that we will see her often at our meetings.

We look forward to meeting the new Head, who will become our next President and Chairman, Miss Harvey, and wish to assure her that she will have a most cordial welcome from us all.

HEADMISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Members,

In September we had the great pleasure of meeting many of you, with husbands, fiancés, boyfriends, or in some instances parents, at the first S.M.H.A. Buffet Supper to be held at the school. I am sure you will be relieved to know that Miss Harvey, who will be headmistress from September, 1981, is happy to make this an annual event. The next Buffet Supper will, therefore, be held on Saturday, 19th September, 1981, at 7.30 p.m. for 8 p.m. We have tried to keep the cost as low as possible and this year the charge per ticket will be £3.50.

The Sixth Form Centre is now taking shape and I know it is going to be a tremendous asset to the school. Please tell your friends of this extra accommodation and encourage them to send their daughters to us if they are looking for schools in this area and especially if they are thinking of an 'A' Level course in the independent sector. Some of you may wish to subscribe towards the furnishing of the new building: the names of those who contribute £10 and over will be inscribed on a list which will be framed and displayed in the new House. Others of you may have ideas about fund-raising and, if so, a group of you might get together to help on a more ambitious scale. You might even like to arrange for a room to be named after somebody you wish to commemorate.

After eight years here I feel I now know many of you and I look forward to seeing you all, both 'my' Old Girls and those of earlier vintages, at future meetings. In the meantime, here is my address in case you wish to look me up: Horsefair Cottage, Horse Fair, Deddington, Oxford OX5 4SH, tel no.(0869) 38369. And to those of you who write, or kindly send me Christmas cards, may I please ask you to include your address? Otherwise you may never get a reply!

Best wishes to you all for the future, and love from,

E. O. Leslie

LETTER FROM MISS CONRADY

Dear Friends,

I am sure many of you will share my feeling of regret that Mrs. Leslie will be retiring in July. While wishing her a happy and well-earned retirement, we offer our most sincere thanks for the devoted and selfless service she has given to the Hall in her eight years as Headmistress. At the same time we extend a warm welcome to Miss Harvey, who

takes over in September. In a strange way I feel I already know her. In her first Headship of St. Clare's, Penzance, she succeeded one of my best friends and I am told by her how very fortunate S.M.H. is to have Miss Harvey as our new Headmistress.

One of the high spots of the year for me was the supper party for Old Girls in September when I had the joy of seeing a large number of girls I had not seen for many years. It was a most happy occasion which was attended by all three of the Headmistresses of the last thirty years. I very much hope that this kind of event will be

repeated—perhaps as an opportunity to offer a welcome to our next Headmistress. All being well, there could be four Headmistresses there next time!

I continue to live a fairly quiet life. I still have close contact with a local School for Partially Sighted Children as Vice-Chairman of Governors and I continue to work for the Seaford Branch of the Save the Children Fund.

Greetings to all Old Girls and specially my own,

Yours affectionately,

Doris Conrady

ST. MARY'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the 73rd Annual General Meeting held at the Central Y.W.C.A., London, on 10th May, 1980, at 2.30 p.m.

Present: Mrs. E. O. Leslie, M.A. in the Chair. Committee: Mrs. Broadley (R. Elliott), Miss D. Conrady, Mrs. Scully (M. Chalmers), Mrs. Fawcett (G. Gosnell), Dame Mildred Riddelsdell, D.C.B., C.B.E., Mrs. Tinto (J. Colman). Members: Miss J. Baker, Miss M. Collisson, Mrs. Millbourne (B. Hunt), Mrs. Ogden (K. Powell), Mrs. Smith (D. Lilley). Member of Staff: Miss Fabian.

The Meeting opened with Prayers and Remembrance of those who had died since the last meeting: Mrs. Caswell (W. Banks) and Miss C. I. Taylor, whose executors sent her old badge to the school.

Minutes

The Minutes of the last Meeting, having been printed in the Newsletter, were taken as read, accepted and signed by the Chairman.

Apologies

Apologies were received from Miss Baron, Miss Davies, Miss Ellis, Miss Jantuah, Miss Methven and Miss Poyser.

Chairman's Remarks and Report on the School

The Chairman spoke about various Old Girls including N. Boyes who may yet be rowing for Great Britain in the Olympics. G. Boyes—Civil Engineer. Letter from Mrs. Manwell (B. Daniell), Flintshire. Mr. Waller, Jennifer Ho's guardian wrote—Jennifer spent one year at St. Mary's Hall in the Sixth Form—she has now completed her training as an S.R.N. and has married. Mr. Waller, who has been ill, sent a £200 cheque, £170 to the Building Fund and £30 to the S.M.H.A.

There have been splendid examination results again at St. Mary's Hall. Over the academic year, for example, passes were English Language 93% and Mathematics 77%.

The new gardener has done wonders to bring the gardens back to shape. Miss Orme and Miss Brown Douglas both keep well. Miss Gilligan keeps in touch. Miss Hill is fit and well and still playing tennis.

Vice-President's Remarks Governors

(a) The governors have approved the erection of a new V1th Form Block, planning permission has been granted and building should be completed by September, 1981.

(b) They have also approved closer co-operation with Brighton College in Vith Form subjects which each school can offer to the other.

Pleased how flourishing St. Mary's Hall is e.g. magazine. Congratulations to Chairman and Headmistress.

OFFICERS

Hon. Treasurer—at the 1979 Meeting the Bursar had undertaken this office and would continue to do so.

Hon. Secretary—since the resignation of Mrs. Lowe the S.M.H.A. secretarial duties had been carried out by the school office. Mrs. Leslie hoped that it might be possible to get two Old Girls to share the duties.

Committee—Mrs. Leslie had been authorised by the Committee to find younger members to take on offices and to be ratified next year.

An expression of thanks was made to the Bursar, Mrs. Munn and office staff for the work they had done during the year.

DATES OF MEETINGS

As the London Meeting in May created travel difficulties because it invariably coincided with the F.A. Cup Final, the Committee had proposed that future meetings should be held on the third Saturday in May, which would be 16th May at St. Mary's Hall for 1981 and for 1982 on the 15th May in London.

Reminder of Buffet Supper on 20th September, 1980 at St. Mary's Hall, 7.30 p.m. for 8 p.m., cost £2.50 per head. Meal and soft drinks. Bar will be available. A notice advertising the Supper would be included in all copies of the magazine sent to S.M.H.A. members, which would be posted shortly.

OLD GIRLS' SUPPER

The first Old Girls' Supper was held at the Hall on 20th September, 1980 and was well attended.

Judging by the number of appreciative letters received afterwards, this proved to be a very enjoyable and successful evening, when old friends met, some for the first time in many years. It was entirely due to Mrs. Leslie's inspiration and foresight that this event took place and she is keen that there should be more such functions, a wish that has been expressed by others. Mrs. Leslie and those responsible for the organisation are to be congratulated and thanked for all their efforts.

ST. MARY'S HALL ASSOCIATION
STATEMENT OF ASSETS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1980

	1980	1979
Deposit Account Central Board of Finance of the Church of England	£4436.95	£3893.71
Central Board of Finance Shares (238 Shares of 50p, £254.90 at 31.8.71)	119.00	119.00
Barclays Bank—Deposit Account	47.56	34.77
Current Account	108.15DR	207.03
Cash	67.00	15.08
	<u>4562.36</u>	<u>4269.59</u>
Less Assets at 31.12.79	4269.59	
	<u>£292.77</u>	<u>Profit 1980</u>

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, 1980

Income		1980	1979	Expenditure		1980	1979
Interest C.B. of F. Deposit Account	543.24	420.50		Newsletter	510.00	360.00	
Interest Shares Account	25.61	17.28		Postage and Stationery	78.08	88.46	
Interest Bank Deposit Account	12.79	18.41		Hire of Hall for A.G.M.	60.72	—	
Subscriptions	289.45	226.70		S.M.H.A. Supper	251.82	—	
Donations	57.00	36.00		Excess of Income over Expenditure	292.77	270.43	
S.M.H.A. Supper	253.60	—					
Miscellaneous Receipts	11.70	—					
	<u>£1193.39</u>	<u>£718.89</u>				<u>£1193.39</u>	<u>£718.89</u>

M. D. MARTIN,
Bursar, St. Mary's Hall

LUCY CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Professor Dorothy Emmet has written to say that she is connected with a new College in Cambridge which she would like to be brought to the attention of Members—

"Past members of the School may be interested to know of Lucy Cavendish College in the University of Cambridge, with which I am now associated. This is a College which specialises in helping women to take up or return to academic or professional life when they have been unable to start at the normal age, or have had to break off. Members of the College have similar problems and can gain support from each other in making the necessary adjustments. Many of the students are on Local Authority grants, but the College can offer some small bursaries to those not able to obtain these. Anyone interested can get details from the Tutorial Office, Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge."

ST. MARY'S HALL IN 1930

Dr. Nancy Laing recalls her school days fifty years ago when life was less sophisticated than it is now. There was a high proportion then of boarders, so the first and second floors of the main building were dormitories, instead of the present classrooms and libraries. There was no swimming-pool and bathing took place in the often rather cold and rough sea from a terribly stony beach.

Uniform consisted of navy blue pleated tunics over yellow blouses and navy linen overalls worn on top, which were always removed for meals, strangely enough!

Stockings were always worn, brown lisle for every day, but black for gymnastics. Blue cotton summer dresses had long sleeves which were allowed to be rolled up when bowling at cricket, but rolled down immediately after the over! One was not allowed out-of-doors in Summer without wearing a grey felt hat, commonly called an "egbert".

Talking was generally banned in the dormitories and on the stairs and in passages; if a mistress were passing, girls had to flatten themselves against the walls. Punishments were known as "reports" which were of differing values according to the crime committed and, if a whole dormitory were clear, the occupants were allowed to stay up for an extra hour on Saturdays. The loo in those days was called "Jeru", though it is not known why.

Hair was finely and sometimes painfully tooth-combed with carbolic by Matron on returning from the holidays and temperatures were taken morning and night for the first three weeks of term. Girls were expected to avoid cinemas and other places of public entertainment during the last week of the holidays in case of catching any infection and, of course, this rule applied when they were taken out during termtime. One wonders how often this was broken. In this connection, Mrs. Tinto (Joyce Colman) remembers being taken by her godmother to the theatre in Brighton (The Belle of New York) on a Saturday during term and being too shy to say that this was not allowed. To her horror they sat in the front row, her godmother being slightly deaf, and very conspicuous she felt in her uniform; however, nothing was ever said by the School authorities!

Food was good on the whole with delicious steam-baked brown bread, but the custom was that one did not ask for anything at table, but to wait until offered or passed the

butter, salt, sugar etc., sometimes having to resort to a discreet kick under the table or a pointed remark to one's neglectful neighbour!

All these things and many more may sound harsh in these days, but mostly the restrictions were accepted as the normal part of school life and no one was any the worse for the discipline.

TRAVELS

Lucky Caroline Sims has been on the move again and has sent an interesting account of recent travels.

She had a wonderful holiday in Zambia in 1978 and then the next year went to Burma and visited Rangoon, Mandalay and Pagan, each city different and interesting in its own way. Many Burmese, of her parents' generation, were delighted to speak to foreigners and, once it was established that she was British, there was no stopping the excited recounting of days gone-by in impeccable English.

After living for five years in Hong Kong, she spent three months in and around New York City, which she loved to visit but not to live in! Having stayed with friends in Washington D.C., she flew to England, but no job there tempted her, having been spoilt in the Far East. She decided to return to Hong Kong via India and spent a few days in New Delhi. From there, she went to Agra to see the Taj Mahal. This wonderful place exceeded her expectations, particularly as by chance she was there during a full moon. Now she is back again in the Rag Trade, in connection with which she expects to take a trip to Australia.

However, Caroline has still had time for a further journey, an exciting and unusual five days on the River Kwai, staying on floating rafts, which are attached to the river banks, but seem to bob up and down a fair bit. Jungle jaunts included elephant rides, walks through the bamboo jungles and swimming by spectacular waterfalls, who could ask for more!

LIFE AT ST. ANDREW'S

The following are extracts from a long letter written by Sandra Jantuah, now a third year Arts student at St. Andrew's.

"My two courses this year being American History from the Colonial era until yesterday and the History of Russia from 1815-1964, means that I am covering new ground for the first time in years. In both cases, the last few years have not yet had 'standard' texts written on them and, thus, when faced with a question on the implications of a Reagan victory in the American election, we felt, for a few brief moments, ranked with such notables and 'experts' as Connor Cruise O'Brien, James Cameron, Peter Jay and Brian Waldron—all of us were guessing, but the forecasts emanating from the Modern History department in St. Andrew's were probably the most imaginative!

"Work apart, this year I am Chairperson of the St. Andrew's Amnesty International Group, with about a hundred members. The Chairperson is really the chief executive member, i.e., I'm supposed to co-ordinate the activities of the special interest sub-groups...

"Last year I was made a University Netball Blue and continue to represent the University as well as playing for the Scottish Universities representative side. During the Easter Vacation a St. Andrew's squad is travelling to Trinidad and Tobago for a two-week tour..."

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Catherine Argent spent April to October, 1980 travelling round New Zealand.

Mrs. Bennetts (Nicola Bruton) met a number of her contemporaries at the Buffet Supper and wrote to say how much they had enjoyed the evening.

Mrs. Bearn (Frances Moojen) saw **Mrs. Wharton (Jane Alsop)** last year when she was home on holiday from Hong Kong and also corresponds with **Mrs. Campbell (Penny Goodbar)** who lives in Scotland and has two girls and a boy.

Mrs. Cole (Mary Cunliffe) wrote to say that she had very much enjoyed the Buffet Supper and meeting her old friends, in particular members of the staff during her time at the Hall.

Mrs. Collis (Mary Langmead) and her husband run a pub in Romney Marsh, which keeps her very busy, especially since she has two young children. She does all the cooking which has increased 50% since they took over 2½ years ago. She sees **Mrs. Kennedy (Belinda Clarke)** fairly often as she is Godmother to her son.

Mercy Collisson has recently completed her autobiography at the request of the Bedfordshire County Archivist.

Mrs. Cox (Rosemary Elphick) is married to a colleague from New Scotland Yard Public Information Department. She sees **Mrs. Stuart (Venessa Cusack)** occasionally and would welcome visits from other old friends.

Anthea Drake had a fantastic holiday in Canada and is hoping to return there for a year to work. Meanwhile she still works at the National Heart Hospital and enjoys the stimulating atmosphere of private patient work in Harley Street.

Mrs. Dunn (Philippa Gasston) has moved from Kenya to Manitoba with her husband and two young children. She is in touch with **Mrs. Leask (Jackie Bracher)** who has a son, **Mrs. Bisson (Hattie Evershed)** and **Mrs. Kowzan (Karen Scriven)**, but is sad to have lost contact with Maddie Pickard and Sara Mitchell and wonders what has become of them.

Mrs. Elliott (Marjorie Duke) writes to say that she sees **Mrs. Greaves (Jean Jackson)** occasionally, who had a very successful exhibition of her paintings in the library in Aldershot. Jean was pleased with the results and may exhibit again this year. Marjorie has also seen **Mrs. Hinde (Jean Taylor)** who lives in Wiltshire; Jean and her husband look after his mother who lives with them. Marjorie was sorry to miss the 1980 A.G.M. but was visiting her daughter in Germany. **Mrs. Aylin (Jill Elliott)** who has daughters at the Hall.

Katherine Fletcher gained second class honours in Greats at St. Hugh's, Oxford and in 1979 rowed in the College's First Eight, when St. Hugh's finished Head of the River and the crew were awarded their blades. Katherine has taken a job with Hogg, Robinson, the Insurance Brokers, in Leicester.

Mrs. Fergusson (Marilyn Shelley) is married to a Consultant Gynaecologist at St. Thomas' Hospital and has three children. She chairs the Management Committee of an Adventure Playground in the Lambeth area which provides a well-equipped play area and trained staff to help urban children, many of whom come from severely deprived homes.

- Amanda Forman** has started her nursing training in London.
- Mrs. Foster (Alison MacKinnon)** is a staff nurse at the Middlesex Hospital. She married in 1976 and was expecting her first baby in September, 1980. She keeps in touch with **Mrs. Stopp (Jessica Haylar)** who has two children.
- Sara Gould** is enjoying her secretarial course and hopes to go on to take an accountancy course.
- Mrs. Gutteridge (Susan Rossar)** was married last April, when **Akiko Shaw** and **Emma Godden** came to the wedding. She is working as a temporary secretary in Marlow and was hoping to visit her parents soon in Cairo, where her father is Defence and Military Attaché in the Embassy. She has now moved to Germany.
- Mrs. Herdon (Elizabeth Ryan)** went to **Mrs. Barnes' (Margaret Bowser)** birthday party in Deal and has also seen **Mrs. Thomson (Katherine Seth)**.
- Mrs. Hewitt (Rachel Couper Johnson)** is living in Reigate, but was hoping to move to the South West where her husband had obtained a job.
- Jennifer Ho** has completed her nursing training and has married a chartered accountant.
- Elisabeth Holcombe**, who left last year due to her father's ill-health has written to say that he is now fit again and working abroad. She is hoping to return to the School to enter the Sixth Form and in the meantime has sent a cheque to cover the cost of framing one of the new pictures which have been purchased from the National Gallery and the Tate for the School.
- Amanda Holley** has left Leeds University and has taken a job with the British Home Stores. She hopes to work for Marks & Spencer and is planning to marry.
- Rachel Holley** is taking a course at the French Institute and finds it more interesting than she did at first.
- Dr. Nancy Laing** visited the Hall whilst staying nearby with some elderly cousins. She has retired as the local G.P. in Inverurie, Aberdeen, but still lives there. She keeps fit by taking her three dogs for a 2½ mile walk every morning and then riding until lunch time. She does not care for cooking, but has cheese and biscuits for lunch and a frozen meal in the evening. She enjoys the leisure for reading and listening to music.
- Mrs. Lawrence (Wendy Bland)** writing from Australia, says that she and her husband have bought an old house and spend as much time as possible on putting it in order. She has just completed a two-year correspondence course on Business Management and plans to do one on Anthropology. They were hoping to go to India for a holiday and had had a visit from her parents from Taiwan.
- Judy Littler** graduated in French and Spanish from Oxford University in 1975, then spent three years in production in B.B.C. T.V. She is now working in the theatre, also in production. She is in touch with **Vicky Scatliff** and **Mrs. Weinell (Carol Sutton)**.
- Mrs. Luckly (Elaine Johnstone)** writes that she is very pleased with her new house in France. When last in England she had an enjoyable evening with **Mrs. Irving (Cherry Westerman)** and Lesley Robertson who has returned from Vancouver and is working in London. She has had a lot of visitors, including **Mrs. Ogden (Jane Snelling)** and **Cherry Irving** and her family.
- Mrs. MacKenzie (Penny Wallis-Jones)** is back in the States after a year in Iraq at a petro-chemical site near Basrah. She works at the British Trade Development Office in New York and would love to hear from any of her old classmates.
- Mrs. Magauran (Lucy Cunningham-Clayton)** has been living in Kenya, but came to England to have her baby, a boy.
- Johanna Manners** is now in her second term of Physiotherapy at the Middlesex Hospital and, although the course is harder than she expected, she is enjoying it thoroughly.
- Mrs. Manwell (Barbara Daniell)** had a pleasant surprise whilst on holiday in Minorca; she met **Peta** and **Philippa Leney's** grandmother (Mrs. Easton).
- Mrs. Medley (Susan Corringham)** lives and teaches in Guildford and is in regular contact with **Rosemary Hollom** and **Mrs. Batts (Rosemary Haylock)**.
- Mrs. Mitchell (Susan Fears)** worked in Brighton after a year at St. Godric's Secretarial College in London. Now she and her husband, who is in the R.A.F., live in Scotland. She is in touch with **Mrs. Willis (Amanda Taylor)** and would love to hear from other friends.
- Sarah Mont** has been appointed to the post of Junior School Form Mistress with particular responsibility for Music throughout the Junior Department of a G.P.D.S.T. School in Liverpool.
- Dorothy Mpyisi** is doing PA/Secretarial training in Oxford prior to taking a place at Geneva University in September.
- Mrs. O'Hara (Margaret Banks)** has seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren and writes "as my S.M.H. friends may remember, I always loved drawing and painting children—now I really have plenty of models."
- Mrs. Oke (Aduke Bucknor)** writes from Nigeria that she works at the University of Ibadan and hopes that two of her daughters will enter the University of Ife. Abimbola, in London, corresponds with **Sister Vivian Brown** and will try to visit her.
- Deborah Parker** has decided to do a beauty course combined with hairdressing and stage make-up at the London College of Fashion.
- Donna Parker** had planned to fly to the States, staying in Atlanta, Washington and New York, and visiting relatives, some of whom she had never seen. She is hoping to get to R.A.D.A. or to Bristol University.
- Mrs. Parsons (Elizabeth Everitt)** had a very enjoyable evening at the Old Girls' Supper and hopes that the event will be repeated.
- Clare Paxton** is hoping to go to the Brighton College of Art to study graphics.
- Mrs. Porter (Jane Harvey)** and her husband and three children spent some time travelling in sunny Queensland. She hopes to visit S.M.H. this year with her two daughters.
- Mary Radford** works in Indiana as a physiotherapist and manages to get to England about every two years.
- Angela Recknell** graduated from Southampton University with a B.A. (Hons.) Degree in English and now works for a London publishing company. She is engaged and hopes to be married in September this year.
- Mrs. Robins (Charity Girdlestone)** writes that her elder daughter is in charge of the unit for children with impaired hearing at the Blue Coat School in Coventry and her younger daughter is married with a small son.

Mrs. Sachs (Margaret) came to the Old Girls' Supper and wrote to Mrs. Leslie after her return to the States, "It was a great thrill to see the building again and to meet the staff and some of the girls I used to know. It was a delightful evening and one of the highlights of my trip. It's hard to explain such nostalgia to my friends in Los Angeles as the American school system is so different, but my husband, being an Anglophile, understood how I felt and enjoyed the evening almost as much as I did."

Irene Saul wrote to say that she had much enjoyed the Old Girls' Supper.

Mrs. Savidge (Roberta Woodward) has two daughters. For many years she was a British Airways stewardess and flew most recently as a member of the Concorde crew.

Mrs. Sealy (Sylvia Farnsworth) visited the School last year. She was Head Girl in 1925 and was most interested in the many improvements to the building.

Mrs. Sharpe (Kathryn Lord) worked for Marconi Elliot Avionics in Rochester, later transferring to computer programming. Then she returned to University (East Anglia) to read computer science and has just passed her first year exams. **Nicola Williams, Katherine Fletcher** and **Sheila Hurd** came to her wedding, which was conducted by Sheila's father, the Rev. Hurd.

Caroline Sims is an inveterate traveller, but despite that fact does work very hard in Hong Kong, as she says, and her letters make interesting reading.

Mrs. Sudworth (Bridget Neville-Last) has taken a post-graduate course at Bristol Polytechnic in Art Education and is now the Head of the Art Department at Bristol Grammar School. She enjoys her new job enormously and finds teaching art a very stimulating and rewarding experience. Her husband has a dental practice in Clifton and both her boys are at Clifton College.

Katy Taylor has been awarded her Queen's Guide badge.

Maria Tinner visited the School last year. She is still at Trinity College of Music, studying for her Diploma in Piano and Singing. She shares a flat with Sarah Kentish who is also at Trinity.

Anne Trustrum of the 6th Preston Park Guide Company gained her Queen's Guide award last March.

Mrs. Vaughan (Shirley Cowan) went to the London School of Economics and obtained a History Degree, after which she held a teaching job. She has a son, born in 1979.

Penelope Wade graduated from Exeter University in Physics and is doing a post-graduate course at Birmingham University studying for an M.Sc. in Radiobiology with Medical Physics, all very interesting. She also thoroughly enjoyed the Old Girls' Supper.

Mrs. Walker (Sheila Mayne) Chief Commissioner, Girl Guides' Association was present at the "Women of the Year" silver jubilee luncheon at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind as a guest of honour. The Duchess of Kent graced the occasion with her presence and spoke to Annabel Schild, the youngest person ever to attend the annual event.

Mrs. Walker (Susan) and her husband visited the School and greatly admired the improvements made since the 1950's. She was very glad to see Miss Farmer again.

Mrs. Waller (Angela Wright) came to the Old Girls' Supper and found the evening most enjoyable.

Mrs. Watson (Jane Amherst-Clark) keeps in touch with **Mrs. Furlong (Prisca Bailee)** and with **Mrs. Adams (Corinne Hannant)** who still lives in South Africa. Her sister, Susan, is in her second year training as an accountant with a local firm.

Mrs. Weston (Jean Scatliff) wrote that Anne is working for her Institute of Personnel Management certificate as trainee at the Savoy Hotel. Amanda spent last summer holidays working in Canada and is continuing in further education in Essex.

Kathryn White lives in Rowlands Castle and works at Kenwood. She visited her brother in the Middle East and had a wonderful time.

Nicola Williams gained a degree from the University of East Anglia in Biology and Chemistry and also gained her M.Sc. She then moved to Nottingham Polytechnic to continue research and work for a Ph.D. She has become engaged to a fellow student and plans to marry soon.

Mrs. Wray (Jenefer Riley) works for a computer company, Control Data Ltd. She fought the 1979 General Election as Conservative candidate for Wood Green and reduced the Labour majority from 8,211 to 2,515. She expects to be defending her seat on the Greater London Council at the May, 1981 elections.

FURTHER NEWS

Gaile Ashby is married and is still working.

Jennifer Au is studying Pharmacy at the London School of Pharmacy.

Nicola Boyes is a qualified doctor and is a Casualty Officer at the Middlesex Hospital. She rowed with the Olympic Team.

Mrs. Baker, daughter of the Rev. F. Keeling Scott, once Vicar of St. Mark's, Kemp Town, and sometime Chaplain and past Governor of the School, visited the Hall recently. For four years she was organist of Holy Trinity, Ship Street, in succession to her husband who had previously been organist of St. Mary's, Rock Gardens, for fifty-one years! Mrs. Baker had two daughters at the Hall, Rosemary and Elizabeth.

Jane Brightwell has just completed her nursing training in Oxford and is now theatre staff nurse in the Churchill Hospital. She is hoping to go for further training to the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

Elise Broach, living near San Francisco, is a semi-finalist for the National Merit Scholars' Awards and is hoping to obtain a scholarship to Yale or Princeton. **Mary Broach** is also doing well and won the Junior League tennis title.

Joanna Brown lives in London, working for a hide firm and travels to the States and to Europe.

Clare Black is nursing.

Mrs. Caudle (Elizabeth Baker) taught maths at Cheltenham Ladies College and then moved to a comprehensive school before being married. She has three children, does a little coaching and corrects exam papers.

Mrs. Challacombe (Tina Cocks) is still in general practice in Blackheath. She had an exciting time in 1979 when she and her husband spent a year in the U.S.A. where he had an appointment at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, researching and lecturing.

Diana Chiesman writes enthusiastically about her course at the French Institute, where she is learning shorthand and typing as well as taking lessons in politics, economics, commerce, history and literature. French is spoken in all classes and Diana says that she will never be able to thank **Mrs. Betts** enough for suggesting this course.

Juliana Dyson is training as a Physiotherapist at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

Jane Eadie qualified as a doctor at Guy's Hospital.

Sarah Eadie qualified as a dentist, is married to a dentist and has a baby.

Alison Edmonds is doing her Ph.D. in Metallurgy at Queen's College, Cambridge.

Peng Li Fu now lives at 84 Harley Street W1N 1AE, with her father and is in her final year of Business Studies. She sees **Nimet Maherali** when in London from Leicester.

Philippa Gerrard-Wright is studying at Exeter University.

Heather Gillham is taking up nursing at Southlands Hospital in Shoreham. She is engaged, but will not be married until 1982.

Sarah Goss obtained three 'A's, in Linguistics, Psychology and French, and is concentrating on Linguistics and Psychology. She is engaged but does not plan to marry until she and her fiancé have finished at University.

Sharon Goss has been nursing and has been accepted for a post graduate S.R.N. course at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Susan Graves has qualified in accountancy.

Anne Haigh is taking Biological Sciences at Sussex University.

Mrs. Hall (Rosemary Baker) is a paediatrician, but does not have time to do more than take an occasional locum whilst her four children are still young.

Seraya Hamid is at Sheffield University doing a degree in Biology.

Deborah Harrison qualified in Medicine and is a doctor in America.

Sh. Hayllar is teaching History.

Susan Hayllar has accepted a job with Racal-Decca; under their training scheme, she hopes to become a chartered electrical engineer, after which she aims to do consultancy work. She did an extended tour in France and Spain with a friend. They serviced themselves a 16-year-old Sunbeam Alpine Sports car and visited the Loire and Dordogne valleys as well as Biarritz and Andalusia.

Ruth Holder has been offered a University place, but has decided to wait a year whilst taking some more 'A' levels.

Katherine Holloway is a qualified doctor and Madeleine Holloway has a degree in Zoology from King's College.

Christine Hooper is a Cardiac Technician at the Coronary Care Unit, St. Richard's Hospital, Chichester.

Mrs. Humphrey Davies (Gwen Morton) and her husband have retired to Anglesey and she occasionally sees **Mrs. Manwell (Barbara Daniell)**.

Nicola James is taking French Studies at the London School of Economics and **Virginia James** is reading English at the Royal Holloway College. Recently Nicola spent some time in America and stayed with **Bonnie Irwin**, the exchange student from New Jersey.

Deborah Jennings has been awarded an Exhibition at Merton College, Oxford.

Shuk Tak Lrang is working in Canada as a Clinical Fellow and Assistant Professor in Obstetrics and Gynaecology and is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Melanie Lythgoe is working in London and also doing the course at the College of Distributive Trades which she is attending on a day-release basis.

Sarah Mitchell is now an S.R.N. at the Middlesex Hospital.

Petra Moisey is taking Home Economics at Cardiff University.

Lusbeth Muirhead is in her second year at Edinburgh University where she is reading Natural Biological Sciences.

Elizabeth Nye has a degree in Pharmacy from Brighton Polytechnic.

Wei-Sah Ong is doing a joint degree in Sociology at the Goldsmiths' College and living with her family in London.

Sarah Owen is being married soon and some of the School Choir will sing at her wedding service.

Susan Perham is at Plymouth Polytechnic doing a general engineering course.

Jane Poleglase is reading Biology at St. Andrew's University.

Hilary Porter had a serious riding accident but is now back to normal.

Caroline Rendle is working as a nurse in Virginia, U.S.A.

Judy Reynolds is married to a doctor and is carrying on in her career also as a doctor.

Fenella Rouse is doing a Law Degree in New York.

Joanna Sayer is at Oxford reading Medicine.

Constance Shallard has had cataracts removed from both eyes and says that "it is glorious to see the full beauty of faces and flowers and skies again."

Akiko Shaw is working for a Biology Degree at London University.

Louise Sinclair is working in London for a project subsidising B.P., called Scicon, and is P.A. to the Personnel Manager.

Mrs. Stringer (Helen Scott) has written from Australia. After she left St. Mary's Hall she trained as a secretary before emigrating in 1924 with two of her brothers to Australia. In 1977-78 her grand-daughter, Cheryl, spent a year here before moving with the family to Australia.

Anne Taylor is reading Chinese at Cambridge and is in the third year of her four-year course. Occasionally, she sees

Joanna Hayes, who is doing her finals in Geography at Newnham, and **Fiona Miller** who is at New Hall.

Jill Thomas is married after doing a University course and lives in Canada.

Anna Valli is working for a degree in Optics at one of the London Colleges.

Katrina Williams is working for her teacher's Diploma in Drama and hopes to be accepted for a Foundation Course in Art at Brighton Art College.

Iona Wilson is doing secretarial work for the Bursar of Digby Stuart College, having left Drama School and being unable to get work in that line as yet. However, she is happy where she is because she can join in with a lot of the acting that goes on there and went to the Edinburgh Festival to be in the Fringe with a company from the College and had a marvellous time.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1981

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 16th May, 1981, at 2.30 p.m. at St. Mary's Hall.

BIRTHS

- Bearn.** To Frances (née Moojen) on 10th July, 1979, a daughter, Alexandra Rosemary, a sister to Nicola and Tracey.
- Collis.** To Mary (née Langmead) on 29th September, 1978, a son, James Peter, and on 5th October, 1979, a daughter, Claire Sabrina.
- Dunn.** To Jennifer (née Adams) and Geoffrey on 2nd June, 1980, a son, James Edward, a brother for Stephen Joseph.
- Cox.** To Rosemary (née Elphick) in 1977 a daughter, Emily Katharine.
- Forsyth.** To Susan (née Haydock) on 11th July, 1980, a son, Mark William, a brother for Simon and Laura.
- Magauran.** To Lucy (née Cunningham-Clayton) and David on 1st October, 1979, a son, James.
- Mitchell.** To Susan (née Fears) and John on 9th January, 1980, a son, Peter Robert.
- Watson.** To Jane (née Amherst-Clark) on 20th September, 1980, a son, David.

MARRIAGES

- Cunningham-Clayton—Magauran.** On January 7th, 1978, Lucy Cunningham-Clayton to David Magauran.
- Fears—Mitchell.** On 29th July, 1978, Susan Fears to Sgt. John Mitchell, R.A.F.
- Leonard—van Brakel.** On 27th October, 1979, Alison Leonard to Robert Jan van Brakel.
- Lord—Sharpe.** In May 1978, Kathryn Lord to Christopher Sharpe.
- Rosser—Gutteridge.** On 5th April, 1980, Susan Rosser to Lt. Clive Gutteridge.

DEATHS

- Bateman.** In January, 1980, Mrs. Helen Ursula Bateman (née Henderson), daughter of the Rev. Henderson of Chichester. At S.M.H. from about 1905 to 1911.
- Chilcott.** On 31st December, 1980, Phyllis, of St. James's Cottage, Raspberry Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset, aged 80, younger daughter of the late Rev. E. Chilcott.
- Wall.** On 21st February, 1981, Mary Wall, at Highgate.

OBITUARIES

Phyllis Chilcott

Constance Shallard has written:-

"My memories of Phyllis, though very clear, are limited—they are of a large, calm, steady person with a nice sense of humour. I was not at all surprised, some years later, to hear that among other duties she was running the Guides in her father's parish with great success and happiness. They would be lucky girls, I think."

Miss Taylor

Miss Taylor was a member of the staff from 1909-1914 and it was recorded in the Newsletter as follows:-

"At the end of July we lost Miss Taylor, whose cheery presence is much missed. The gymnastics and games owe a very great debt to Miss Taylor's keen and sporting spirit, and we offer her our best thanks for all that she did here, as well

as our good wishes for her future happy work at West Hartlepool."

Later, she left West Hartlepool and took a post at Colston School, Bristol.

Mary Wall

Mr. Christopher Wall (brother of the deceased) has written of his sister—"While at St. Mary's Hall, she was principally noted for prowess at cricket and hockey. After training at Whitelands College in Chelsea, she spent most of her working life as Head of Hampden Gurney School near Marble Arch in London. This school had a particularly good reputation for the excellent behaviour of the pupils and Mary became well known in ecclesiastical circles for the wonderful Nativity Plays she produced in the adjacent church. Later she was also concerned with various plays performed in St. Augustine's Church, Highgate."

Mr. Wall continues—"The Founder, Henry Venn Elliott, married our grandparents in St. Nicholas Church in 1863. My grandfather taught French and German at Brighton College and my grandmother (from Brittany and formerly known as Madame Heron) taught at St. Mary's Hall and also had a small school of her own (renowned for the beauty of its pupils) in Western Cottages, now called Sillwood Road."

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

- Amherst-Clark, J. (Mrs. Watson),** 34 Charlwood Gardens, Burgess Hill, W. Sussex RH15 0RE.
- Ansell, V.,** P.O. Box N.122, Nassau, Bahamas.
- Argent, C.,** Plumtree Cottage, Stockcroft Road, Balcombe, W. Sussex RH17 6LL.
- Atkinson, N.,** 5919 Westgrove Drive, Dallas, Texas, 72548, U.S.A.
- Baron, A.,** Westcliff, Leopole Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk IP11 7NR.
- Black, C., 28 Palmeira Avenue, Hove, Sussex.**
- Bland, W. (Mrs. Lawrence),** Glenona, Wardell Road, Altonville 2477, N.S.W., Australia.
- Bond, M. (Mrs. Child),** 21 Northumberland Avenue, Gosforth, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.
- Bordini, E.,** 3 2nd Avenue, Hove, Sussex.
- Boswell, H. (Mrs. Thompson),** 23 Harefield, Long Melford, Sudbury, Suffolk CO10 9DE.
- Bucknor, A. (Mrs. Oke),** P.O. Box 12733, GPO, Ibadan, Nigeria, W. Africa.
- Cameron, S.,** 13 Amberley Close, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
- Campbell, T.,** Kasteellann 49, 1641 Alsenberg, Belgium.
- Chiesman, D.,** 77 Coleraine Road, London SE3 7PF.
- Clements, E. (Mrs. Gartside),** 71 St. Leonard's Road, Hove, E. Sussex.
- Cooper, J.,** 8 Welesmere Road, Rottingdean, Brighton BN2 7DN.
- Corringham, S. (Mrs. Medley),** 9 Chevrement, Jenner Road, Guildford, Surrey.
- Cowan, S. (Mrs. Vaughan),** 6 Manor Road, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex.
- Craig, M.,** 43 Prince Regent's Close, Brighton BN2 5JP.
- Cunningham-Clayton, L. (Mrs. Magauran),** 57 The Martlets, Hove BN3 6NT.

- Dyson, J.**, Grantchester House, Adrian Way, Cambridge CB2 2QQ.
- Elphick, R. (Mrs. Cox)**, 19 St. James' Avenue, Ewell, Surrey.
- Everitt, E. (Mrs. Parsons)**, The White House, 5 Chipstead Lane, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 2AH.
- Fears, S. (Mrs. Mitchell)**, 1 Granary Park, Rafford, Nr. Forres, Morayshire, Scotland.
- Ferguson, C.**, 39 Chyngton Road, Seaford, Sussex.
- Ferguson, E. (Mrs. Eastham)**, 14 Bluebell Close, Haywards Heath, Sussex RH16 3HR.
- Gordon, D. (Mrs. Brack)**, 22 Buckingham Place, Brighton BN1 3PJ.
- Greenwood, J.**, Fishers, Swanborough, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.
- Gurney, S.**, 7 Eldred Avenue, Brighton BN1 5EB.
- Harvey, J. (Mrs. Porter)**, South Road, Warragul, Victoria 3820, Australia.
- Haydock, S. (Mrs. Forsyth)**, Ashley, 14 Maynard Place, Catherington, Portsmouth, Hants. PO8 9PF.
- Hill, S.**, 4 Falmer Avenue, Saltdean, Sussex.
- Ho, J.**, San Miguel Brewery Ltd., 13 Miles Castle Peak Road, Sham-Tseng, New Territories, Hong Kong.
- Hodgson, K.**, The Vicarage, Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 4PD.
- Hunt, R.**, 40 Richmond Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
- Hunt, S.**, 138 Pack Lane, Kempshott, Basingstoke, Hants.
- Ickeringill, C.**, 60 Ainsworth Avenue, Ovingdean, Brighton.
- Jantuah, J.**, Paynesfield, Albourne, Hassocks, Sussex.
- Jennings, D.**, 23 Roedean Road, Brighton.
- Johnstone, E. (Mrs. Lucky)**, 14 rue des Erables 78360 Montesson, France.
- Langmead, M. (Mrs. Collis)**, Shepherd & Crook, Burmarsh, Romney Marsh, Kent.
- Leonard, A. (Mrs. van Brakel)**, 8 Argent Close, Seaford, Sussex.
- Littler, J.**, 5 Rumbold Road, London, S.W.6.
- Lloyd, M.**, Flat E, 173 Anerley Road, Anerley, London SE20 8EF.
- Lord, K. (Mrs. Sharpe)**, 1 Edinburgh Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RJ.
- Low, N.**, 18 Shakespeare Street, Hove, Sussex BN3 8AF.
- Lyons, R. (Mrs. Milton)**, 5 Abbotstone Road, London SW15 1QR.
- Lythgoe, M.**, The Peacehaven Hotel, Peacehaven, Sussex.
- Mackinnon, A. (Mrs. Foster)**, 3 Appledore Avenue, South Ruislip, Middx. HA4 PUT.
- Martin, A. (Mrs. Slaughter)**, 7 Mosley Street, Southport, Merseyside PR8 5AZ.
- McClaghry, R.**, Collingwood, 2 West Avenue, Worthing, Sussex.
- McVeigh, C.**, 11 Montpelier Terrace, Brighton.
- Miller, A.**, Robinsmead, 75 Folders Lane, Burgess Hill, Sussex.
- Miller, F.**, New Hall, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge CB3 0DP.
- Milner, N.**, Dyke Lodge, 34 Dyke Road Avenue, Brighton BN1 5LB.
- Moojen, F. (Mrs. Bearn)**, 37 Station Avenue, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.
- Mumford, N.**, Southover, 24 Montacute Road, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 1EW.
- Neville-Last, B. (Mrs. Sudworth)**, 22 Sydenham Road, Cotham, Bristol BS6 5SJ.
- Newton, J.**, 115 Hangleton Way, Hove, Sussex BN3 8AP.
- Pang, Chi Li**, Ternakan Tok Sang, SDN BHD, P.O. Box 251, Sandakan, Sabah, E. Malaysia.
- Pang, R.**, c/o Mrs. H. Broom, 36 Broomfield Avenue, Palmers Green, N.13.
- Peckham, M.**, 27 Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.
- Radford, M.**, 2152 Sweetser Avenue, Evansville, Indiana 47714, U.S.A.
- Ransom, P.**, 7 Chesham Street, Brighton.
- Reeson, M. (Mrs. Clements)**, 3 Lloyd Road, Hove, E. Sussex BN3 6NL.
- Ridley, K.**, 41 Blue Haze Avenue, Seaford, Sussex BN25 3QJ.
- Robinson, M.**, Fieldgate, 44 Queen's Road, Thame, Oxon.
- Rosser, S. (Mrs. Gutteridge)**, 64b Waldschul Allee, W. Berlin, W. Germany.
- Rowe, V.**, Hillside, Earwig Corner, Lewes, Sussex.
- Sale, J.**, 32 Norfolk Square, Brighton BN1 2PE.
- Saul, I.**, 17 Manor Road, Sherborne St. John, Near Basingstoke, Hants.
- Sattin, L.**, Ford, Ashurst, Steyning, Sussex.
- Scatliff, J. (Mrs. Weston)**, 1 Woodland Close, Ingatstone, Essex.
- Shelley, M. (Mrs. Fergusson)**, 2 St. Stephen's Terrace, London SW8 1DH.
- Sims, C.**, 2/F 41 Happy View Terrace, Happy Valley, Hong Kong.
- Smallpiece, A. (Mrs. Fosbery)**, 24 Bishopstrow, Warminster, Wilts. BA12 9HN.
- Sayer, J.**, 109 Poulterers Lane, Worthing, Sussex.
- Straiton, V.**, 25 Bishop's Road, Hove, Sussex.
- Theobald, M. (Mrs. Pashley)**, 111 Brox Road, Ottershaw, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 0LG.
- Vokins, S.**, 323 Dyke Road, Hove, East Sussex BN3 6PE.
- Wallis-Jones, P. (Mrs. MacKenzie)**, 55 South Ridgedale Avenue, East Hanover, NT 97936, U.S.A.
- West, D.**, Balmer Farm, Brighton Road, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.
- Weston, A.**, 1 Woodland Close, Ingatstone, Essex.
- Whitlock, L. (Mrs. Bates)**, Four Buoys, St. Nicholas Road Littlestone, New Romney, Kent.
- Whittle, S. (Mrs. Harvey)**, 149 Mill Lane, Portslade, Brighton BN4 2FH.
- Williams, K.**, Zareba, 78 Dyke Road Avenue, Brighton.
- Woodward, R. (Mrs. Savidge)**, 52 Woodland Close, Hoylelake Crescent, Ickenham, Middx.

Subscriptions. To be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Old Girls' Association, c/o St. Mary's Hall, Brighton.

The Annual Subscription is £1, but members of 60 years of age or over may pay at the existing rate. The Life Subscription is £12, payable in one lump sum or in two equal instalments within three years. Annual Subscriptions are renewable in January of the current year and should be received by October 1st at the latest. Any member who does not pay before the end of the year ceases to be a member and will not be entitled to the School Magazine and News Letter issued in the following year.

News Letter. Please send all items of news to the Hon. Editor, Mrs. J. Tinto, 11 Cavendish Road, Redhill, Surrey.

DONATIONS AND GIFTS

Donations have been received from Professor D. M. Emmett, Mrs. Allnutt (nee May Watson) and Mr. H. A. Waller.

Mrs. R. D. Mackintosh of Yeovil has sent photographs and other items of historical interest for the School Museum which originally belonged to Miss D. Sandys and have been donated to S.M.H. by her next-of-kin.

Miss M. D. Roe of Rye, the daughter of Mrs. Roe (Marjorie Barrow) who was at S.M.H. at the beginning of this century and who died in 1969, has offered five books to the School Library which her mother received as prizes from the School between the years 1905-1909. They are beautifully bound in embossed leather with the School crest on the front of each and, though slightly faded, appear to be little read! They are:

"A History of the French Revolution"—Thomas Carlyle

The Works of George Herbert

"General History for Colleges and High Schools"—Philip van Ness Myers

"Fronde Agrestes—Readings in 'Modern Paintings'"—Ruskin

"Heroes"—Thomas Carlyle.



Lucy Middlemas, LVI

PUBLICATION BY MEMBER

"October Chickens" by Mercy Collisson.

(From an old Bedfordshire saying "Parsons' daughters, they're like October Chickens, ain't worth rearin'"). The adventures of one of them.

Cover design by Jennifer Owen LVI

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